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AUG. 1

VOGUE

the Vogue look

the big swing to classics...
marvelous sports clothes and how to wear them

BEAUTY SECRETS
from the ballet girls

ONCE-A-MONTH BIRTH CONTROL
what it is... how you use it

the big news in
CONTACT LENSES

MISTAKES SURGEONS MAKE MOST OFTEN...
what you can do about them





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ANNE KLEIN

AUGUST 1, 1971

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PENATI

COVER: The clean, uncluttered neckline of the dress, the bright but unpainted-looking face, the little Renaissance-y red hat—this is all part of the new feeling for classics that this issue of Vogue is about. (Juliano Knits two-piece dress. Madcaps hat, Bonwit Teller.) . . . The face wears something new from Bonne Bell called "Julie's Eyes," here in Mauve (for details, see Ready Beauty on page 25). Plus Julie's Pink Shimmer Lipstick and Clear Pink Blushing Gel. The coiffure is by Maury Hopson.

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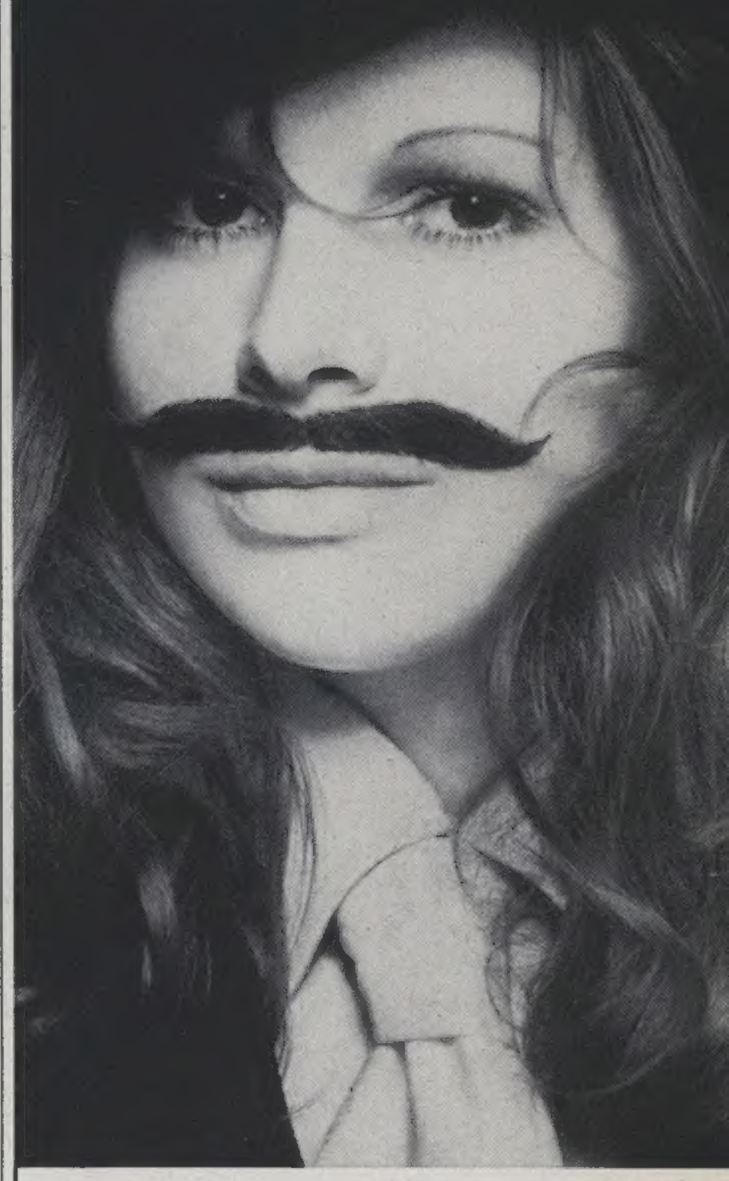
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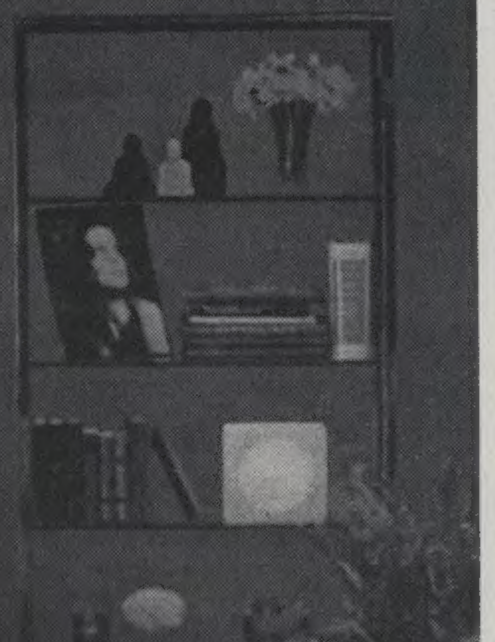
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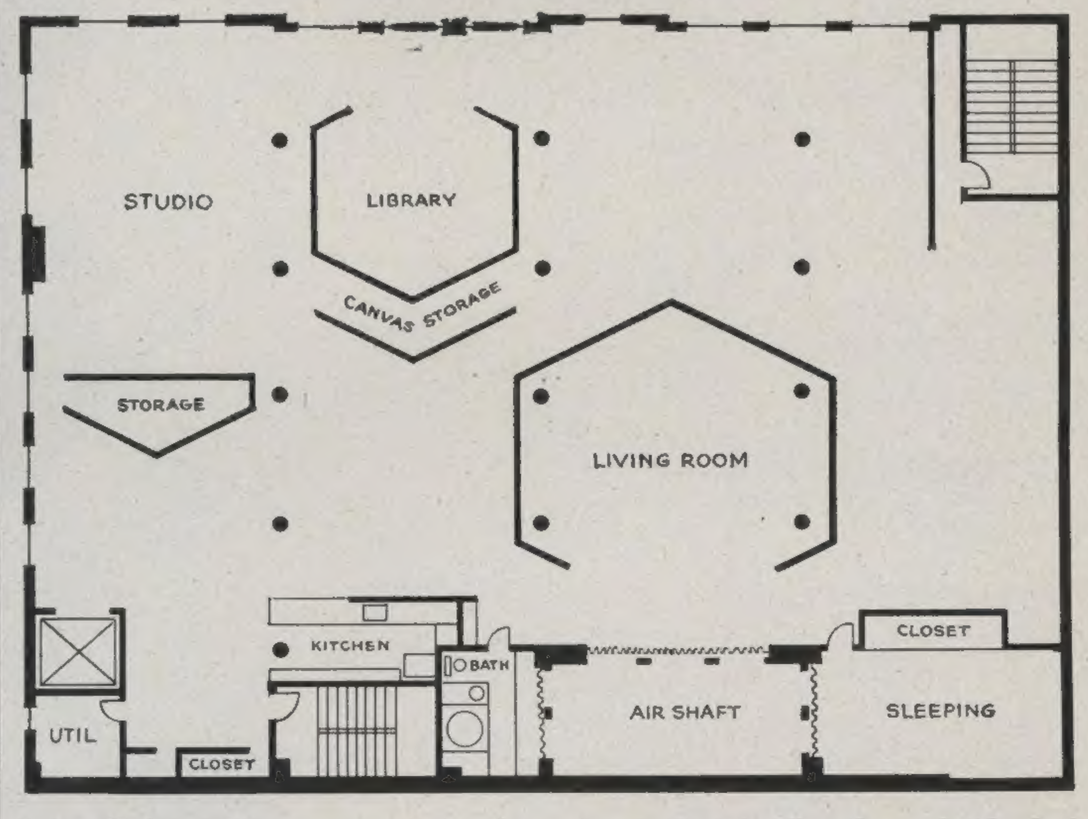
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Space Lib
THE LOFT WORLD
of Lowell Nesbitt

How an artist found the wide open spaces . . . within a New York City loft. For photographs of his Space Lib life style, turn to page 118.



Lowell Nesbitt's conversion of a derelict loft into the living-working environment of the floor plan shown above was an intriguing challenge which he met with the aid of the young New York architect Tim Prentice. The first step, after cleaning and inside repairs, was to paint everything white, including a network of pipes and three rows of slender iron columns which support the twelve-foot ceiling. Floors were taken down to the natural wood, smooth and pale as bleached bones. Partitioning was carefully planned so as not to diminish the astonishing impact of space and light. As the floor plan shows, this was done by means of one triangular and two hexagonal freestanding partitions. There are long vistas from anywhere in the loft except the enclosed sleeping and bath rooms. Free ways between partitions eliminate the need for corridors. The furniture, kept to a minimum, helps to define the different areas. Trees in tubs, plants and flowers, ever-changing walls of paintings play color against the black and whiteness of the loft. Oriental rugs, richly textured fabrics, blue-and-white porcelains add the luxury one might find in a mellow country house. Even Echo, Mr. Nesbitt's large Rottweiler dog, thinks he's in the country.

An abstract painter until 1963, Mr. Nesbitt now explores neorealism. Recent paintings include a series of meticulously researched single flowers against a flat background. He is now exploring caves in their colors, depths, the molding of their shapes, and he is scheduled for exhibitions in the United States, Germany, and Switzerland next year. For relaxation he chooses a hammock, slung in the Country Room, where he swings and "floats through his beautiful space." When he has guests, they scatter from room to room, eat in the dining room on a glass-and-steel table designed by Schule-McCarville, who did sofas and fabrics for the loft as well. Or they may dine in the studio at the big work table, or in the Country Room, to the right of the library. Slides and films are shown after dinner, in a wide space between sleeping room and Country Room where guests sit on an Oriental rug. A film by John Huzar about the Nesbitt Ruins series may be shown in theaters soon. In this magic world for its owner and his guests, Lowell Nesbitt complains only that the amplitude of space leads him to paint larger and larger canvases.

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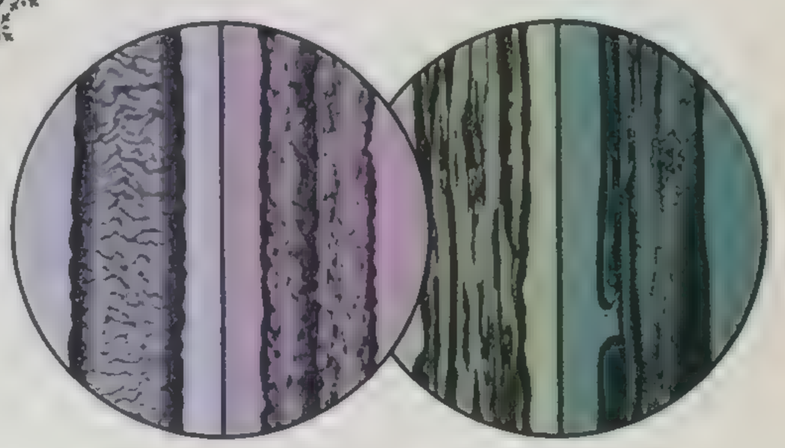


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Beauty Checkout

Mane attraction



Midsummer's no friend of any hair, tinted or not. Since what's good for color-treated hair must be equally dandy for the virgin tress, we chatted around with some of the big hair-coloring superstars to map out our counterattack. Rose Reti, blond, Hungarian, smarter about hair than Delilah: "Use a gentle shampoo—one that's made for tinted hair, then rinse, rinse, like a waterfall. Always use a conditioner after shampoo. Puts the body back, and makes your hair twinkle." . . . We twinkled along to Paul Mitchell, who presides over the Crimpers, as well as the Henri Bendel salon, and found he is keen as mustard (home-grown) on natural herbal treats for the hair—all those washes and body-builders made with olive, cocoanut, peanut, and sesame oil. "Wash the minute your hair goes into sticky separate strands. One soaping is plenty if you use color." . . . A fifteen-minute pre-shampoo workout with a nice rich cream like Wella Kolestral is the Beginning of All Good with Paula, the color maven at Kenneth's. She also makes a tremendous point of the balanced diet—the very kind nannies and mothers used to harp on—with masses of iron and protein to keep your hair rooting for you. . . . Rosemary, of the polished pewter hair and the polished Saks Beauty Salon, would like to walk around with a pair of scissors to snip every split end in sight. "No matter how long your hair is, you must get the ends trimmed every six weeks . . . and please, please use a brush with natural bristles. Also do *not (here she glares furiously)* sleep in rollers. They drag and tear like a torture machine." Nevermore, Rosemary.

Skin: Pollution solution

We have a long, lean young friend who was brought up in farmland country but moved, about a year ago, to New York City. The city air was often rated Unsatisfactory, and soon her skin was, too—apparently it missed its pastoral surroundings, and started to show the effects of city tensions, city pollution. As months went by, her face developed a growing collection of blemishes, lost its honey-toned smoothness. Our friend shopped around for advice, tried remedies that didn't help enough, cried a little (spoiling her great velvety dark eyes), fortuitously ended up in the neat white salon of Georgette Klinger—renowned solver of skin problems. There she was wrapped in a flower quilt while a pretty brunette named Ruth studied her skin under strong light and magnifying glass. Prescription: professional deep cleansing, massage, steaming with herbal tea, toning with an herbal mask. Herbs' natural benefits go a long way to restore country freshness to city-dwelling skin. (Miss Klinger has used herbs in her treatments for thirty years, now has added a special herbal mask for troubled skins, herbal shampoo, herbal eye pads, among others.) Six Klinger facials, about a week apart, and our friend's skin is noticeably clearer. She plans to continue indefinitely. Nudged by Miss Klinger, she's also revised her life a bit. More walking, biking, horseback riding—which she used to do in the country, now does in Prospect Park. Fewer fried foods, chocolates, soft drinks. Completely eliminated: the face-damaging habit of leaning her cheek against the palm of her hand—which prematurely stretches skin, to say nothing of populating a face with a few billion extra bacteria.

Inhale and hearty

On the job: too many irritable, logy, late-day doldrums due simply to lack of fresh air. A close, closed office can create a carbon-dioxide-laden atmosphere detrimental to mind, body, and bloomy complexion. Keep windows open a few inches top and bottom, and breathe freely. . . . Which reminds: remember to breathe deeply . . . deep in, deep out . . . now and then. Very good for you. (More Beauty Checkout, page 22)

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action of Frances Denney's Multi-Layer Collection. Six sensational
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Beauty Checkout

L.A.: A to Z

Whatever you want to keep you fit and pretty from head to toe, Los Angeles has got—but good. Here's your directory, plus an aside or two. Let's take it from the top: hair. There's Dusty Fleming's place, a very relaxed and hard-rock-socked salon across the street from the Bistro on Beverly Hills' No. Canon Drive. Great place for haircuts (and Eleanor Jordon, his colorist, is tops) as well as makeup and clothes (the boutique's on the balcony). You can really put yourself together here, with Dusty directing. And all of this is for men and women both. . . . *Then there's Jeffrey Spirit, who runs a nifty little hair conditioning shop on Melrose right in the heart of L.A. boutique-land. Here, Jeffrey gently deals with hair—"I never push anything; I want my client to be comfortable with herself"—trimming and healthing up hair with such as balsam, protein, and mayonnaise. Wife Bonnie sometimes drops by with the baby to do a makeup, and there's also the manicurist who teaches yoga on the side. They all encourage the customer to keep up the good work at home.* . . . Now to faces: L.A.'s famous facemaker George Masters is now on the road and just about always all booked up. But catch up and hook up with him if you can, at one or another of the Saks Fifth Avenues—he's expensive, but he's good. Masters' voice: "Women must think in terms of what's good for their faces instead of what's new. . . . Never rub the face, don't pull, don't stretch; do pat and blot. . . . Have a good mirror, at eye level . . ." and so on, with good advice and good works. . . . *A bit more about face from Polly Bergen, who's been fighting bad lighting since stage days: "Proper spotlighting is beamed mainly from a level somewhat below the face, and does not create unflattering shadows, in fact 'plumps up' depressions such as circles under the eyes and those little lines from nose to mouth. So what I try to do is bring forward those areas of the face that catch the shadows from normal overhead lighting, using my Perfection Stick or Liquid Eye Lights. It's a form of contouring using light instead of dark shading. It's my own set of lights, and it works."* . . . Something else that works, according to hordes of supporters, is Mini Smith's special formula. She's strengthened and lengthened fingernails for some of Hollywood's shinier lights (Chér's fantastic nails are with Mini's help) but she's almost always booked solid. Why then get your hopes up? Because she's just opened Mini Nails Advanced Manicure School in Beverly Hills, and this fall plans to offer Mini Nails by mail. . . . *Now to Wilshire Boulevard, where Ron Fletcher of Aida Grey has recently opened a studio for Body Contrology above the Aida Grey salon. Ron is authorized to teach the Joseph Pilates technique and has the same type of equipment that was used in the Pilates' New York operation for years. He's his own best testimonial: he was supposed to have surgery on the leg he'd injured as a dancer with the Martha Graham Company, instead attended Pilates' classes daily. Yes, he danced again . . . and spent every minute he wasn't dancing teaching at Pilates' studio. Thence, Los Angeles.* . . . Choo Choo Collins is short, round, blond—"I've always had a weight problem." So, she eats nothing and drinks nothing after seven in the evening . . . buys all her food at Lindberg's health-food stores . . . takes four tablespoons of Varsity protein powder daily, and at least four cups of tea . . . and has been hypnotized to talk herself out of hunger. She's due in future in a new movie called *Caliope*, so you can check out her régime from the loges. . . . *Meanwhile, for New Yorkers with ingrained habits who are transplanted or just passing through, L.A. offers L.A. outposts of Vidal Sassoon, Elizabeth Arden, Nena for Nails, Georgette Klinger (more about the latter in Beauty Checkout on page 20, this issue).*

"Pourquoi PANTENE?

Parce que je veux que mes cheveux soient doux a caresser."*



*"Why Pantene? Because I want my hair to be lovely to touch."

If you know anyone who uses Pantene, chances are they heard about it in Europe. In Paris, Flaine, Antibes, or any other place where people like to look beautiful.

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masses more hair. Work it in, for one minute, on your laundered and towel-dried hair, then rinse it out. The balsam part, which comes from pine-y trees and fragrant shrubs, is full of healing resins and emollients and smells as fresh as a forest.

No-frizz whiz

The permanent wave is back and it's better than ever—gentler, easier, more engagingly natural—a nifty with the new layered cut and wash-and-dry curls. Take, for a hair-shining example, the new Advance Look Toni, which is what they call a time-controlled permanent. You decide the exact amount of curl you want, and clock it. Directions are easy, and the result can be a headful of gleaming, full-bodied curves with no frizzle, no frazzle. Given the right haircut and your breeze of a perm, you can pretty much wash, dry, and scoot. Advance Look Toni comes in three versions: super for stubbornly straight hair, regular for normal texture, and gentle for bleached, color-treated, or infant-fine.

Parlor pet

No matter how big a heroine you are in the home-hairdressing department, there are some attractions to be had only at a proper beauty salon. One such, Helene Curtis's new Basic Protein Total Hair Concentrate, positively shimmers with talent. By itself, it's a dilly at gentling and revitalizing damaged, over-bleached hair. Combined with just about any other product your local parrucchiere uses on your hair, from shampoo and conditioning to color and permanent waving, Basic Protein is so formulated that it can enrich the effectiveness. You almost feel new strength and suppleness pour into your topknot, and the final brush-out should send you home reeling with self-approval.

Ready Beauty

In every sane, sensible midsummer madness, there should be a method. So, even as you flip, joyous as a dolphin, in and out of sunlit pools, remember that your hair is not having as good a time as you are, and planning is needed. One way to make it from strawstack to spun silk in no time is to round up a few new ounces of protection in the form of shampoos, polishers, and body-builders, just out and nearly as easy to use as a hairbrush.

Wash of color

We're all for giving in to the fiesta feeling that engulfs one about now, and doing something gorgeous like tinting one's hair raven or flax or marmalade. Always to bear in mind, of course, Clairol's advice (and who should know better?) to shampoo softly and carry a big hat. Just about the most cherishing suds around are to be had in New Formula Clairol Colorfast Shampoos—Blue for fair, Green for brunette and auburn hair—both of them thick with specific re-conditioners to keep your color true, your texture elegant, and your highlights flashing.

Happy endings

That tiny, tortured sound you hear may be of hair-ends splitting. How timely of Revlon to rush into the re-generation gap with fast and easy Flex, a balsam-and-protein instant hair conditioner that mends ends, shines surfaces, and makes you look as if you had





call for a little rethinking now that sun's retouched your facial picture? "Julie's Eyes" does the thinking for you—just as a pretty young Bell called Julie did it for the Bonne Bell cosmetics company. Julie's only fifteen—but you don't have to be young in years to enjoy making up with her bright namesakes. There's a choice of three color collections—blue, green, and mauve—each with a range of shadows in pastel, medium, and deep tones. In every kit, the shadows ride along with color co-ordinated eye liner and cake mascara, under-eye cover cream, and the brushes you need to put everything on perfectly. Neat. Julie's wise. . . .

Diet boosters

You'd think that what with fresh vegetables there for the plucking, and local underwater life being netted by the gross, that nutrition would be at its peak. . . . Naturally it's not or we wouldn't have brought this up. To wring each drop of joy from the waning season, a booster shot of nutritives might well be in order. We think of a proven veteran: Carl Rehnborg, Nutrilite founder, hit on the idea of a food supplement for faulty diets back in the 'twenties before many vitamins were even heard of. On his luscious green farmlands in Southern California, good things are carefully grown and processed (one ground rule: imported Egyptian earthworms to enrich the soil). Besides the basic multi-vitamin and mineral products, Nutrilite makes a nice variety of other food supplements and some tasty extras—Nutri-Snacks, for instance, crunchy wafers with a taste of honey. A Nutrilite innovation, Nutrilock coating on tablets makes them smoother to swallow, after-tasteless, and probably the prettiest pills popping. To bone up and possibly stock up on Nutrilite, look them up in your phone book. There's a representative in most cities.

Ready Beauty

Giving your skin its dew

Early June's royal flush of bashful pink has by now turned a good many lazy young faces into tired patchwork. Although the two months of greatest intensity of sun's burning rays have just passed (you can get rosier in early May than you can in late August), there's still plenty of ultraviolet lurking around to cope with. . . . Irma Shorell, the canny blond dazzler who's always anticipating your skin's next decade before you're letting on you've reached the previous one, is as usual the girl to help you cope. Her Youth/25 Moisturizing Creme, a pale pink liquid creme, has made its name by giving skin its dew, endowing it with a proper balance of moisture 365 days a year. But beyond this: What the beauty cognoscenti are discovering this year is that *Youth/25 is a "tan-promoter," too*, nifty strategy for months like August and September when summer may think it's over but you don't agree. It works every way—under makeup, on its own, as a night cream. It locks moisture in the skin to fend off the hands of time. *But meanwhile you can tan right through it.* You can, in fact, tan faster with it than without it. This might be the very moment to discover that youth-preserving measures like Youth/25 can mean Allure-Present as well as Good Looks-Future.

How to keep an eye on everything

Does the eye-color scheme so smashing at the stroke of summer



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Helena Rubinstein introduces Storybook Eyes. Once upon a tone, upon a tone, upon a tone...

Storybook Eyes are the newest hazy, gazy, all-of-a-color romantic look. They begin with the four shade-variations



Photograph by Marie Cosindas. © 1971 Helena Rubinstein, Inc., Dress by Anne Fogarty.

on a one-color theme found in brand
new Minute Eye Shadow kits by
Helena Rubinstein. Brush the medium
tone onto your lids. Sweep the deep
tone in the fold of the eye. Use the frost
beneath the brow. Then touch the palest
tone beneath your lower lid. Choose
Big Green Eyes. Big Brown Eyes.
Big Blue Eyes. Or Big Violet Eyes.
Then give your Storybook Eyes
added drama with foolproof
Automatic Minute Eyeliner. Add intrigue
with exclusive Long Lash Mascara.
Get Storybook Eyes. And you'll look
prettier happily ever after.
Isn't that the end?



Minute Eye Makeup
Helena Rubinstein



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These remarkable before and after photos of Jennifer Mendonsa were actually taken just ONE DAY apart. The only thing that Jennifer did to make the startling difference between her before and after appearance was to spend a brief period one day using the Hot Pants program. Jennifer lost 2½ inches from waist, 2 inches from tummy, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from each thigh for a total loss of 11½ inches in just ONE DAY... without dieting.

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HOT PANTS™

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USER'S RESULTS FROM THIS FABULOUS ONE DAY SLENDERIZER

NIKKI McNICHOL: *"I went through the Sauna Belt Hot Pants program and just one hour later was 13¼" slimmer! I actually lost 2½" from my waist, 2" from my tummy, 3¾" from my hips and 2½" from each thigh and the inches have stayed off!"*

FREDA KLOTT: *"Wow! I tried Sauna Belt Hot Pants, the one day slenderizer—and here is what one day did for me—reduced my waist 4¼", took 3½" off my tummy, 2¼" off my hips and 3" off my thighs—a total loss of 13"—Fantastic!"*

JOAN TURNIER: *"I never dreamed anything could give such incredible results as the Sauna Belt Hot Pants. I used them just one day and lost 14 excess inches! My inch losses were: 3¾" from my tummy—3¾" from my waist—2" from my hips—2½" from each thigh—it's just fabulous—14" trimmer and I didn't even have to diet."*

HERE IS HOW THEY WORK: The real heart of the Sauna Belt Hot Pants program is the special thermal pack unit developed by a scientist from California Polytechnic. These thermal pack units are designed for your Hot Pants reducers to fit directly over the areas where you most desire to take off excess inches . . . your waist, your hips, your thighs or ALL three areas as you may choose. Once the thermal packs are in place and the Hot Pants reducers are inflated, you will then do a brief exercise program pre-selected by you from the instruction booklet provided. Super effective, these thermal packs instantly amplify and augment the heat produced by the pants themselves and, together with the program, speed up the process of melting away inches. At the conclusion of your program you will relax for a short period of time—and you can tell by the surprising, but decidedly pleasant, glow of warmth all around the areas you want to reduce that these super new Hot Pants reducers are working their particular wonders for you even while you relax . . . and a marvelous thing to remember is that any time you should happen to put on excess inches, any time you want to trim off inches for a special occasion or to wear a special outfit, your Hot Pants reducers are ready and waiting to work their special reducing magic any time you need it.

TRULY PHENOMENAL RESULTS ARE BEING ACHIEVED BY USERS. The new Hot Pants reducers have hit the world of slenderizing like a time bomb that explodes all existing time barriers in slenderizing. Users are losing a total of 10, 12, and even 14 inches in just one day with the super Sauna Belt Hot Pants program. There may be variations of speed and/or degree of results due to individual differences in metabolism and body response. But remember this—these super Sauna Belt Hot Pants reducers are a true wonder and no matter what your metabolism, no matter what your body type, **if you do not lose a total of 6 to 10 inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just ONE DAY without dieting, you may return your Hot Pants reducers and the entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

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So if you want to be suddenly slimmer, suddenly trimmer, order your new Hot Pants reducers today and discover what a difference a day makes. Just think, if you had your Hot Pants reducers today you could be 6 to 10 inches slimmer when you put on your swim suit tomorrow . . . or your money back.

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Man: Waist size_____Hip size_____
Name_____
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The de Ravenel-Rebholz wedding

The party in Paris, the ceremony in Vauxbuin

Dazzled with flowers and glinted with sunlight, Ariel de Ravenel, daughter of the Marquis and Marquise de Ravenel, and Niels Rebholz, son of Mme. Nancy Hjortshöj, were married in the village church of Vauxbuin near Paris. Afterwards, the guests drove through the hills to the de Ravenel's manor house where they lunched in a pavilion rustically decorated like a country inn.





The wedding in Vauxbuin: **1. The bride, Mlle. Ariel de Ravenel, and her father, Marquis de Ravenel, walking up the aisle with Louis Lorenzo Teramo in the lead, Charles Fabry, the page with a sash belt, and Kate Barry. 2. The bride and groom, M. Niels Rebholz, exchanging rings during the ceremony. 3. M. Jean-Charles de Ravenel,**


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JACK NISBERG

brother of the bride; Marquise de Ravenel, mother of the bride; M. Niels Rebholz. 4. Vicomte de Bonchamps, Principessa Margot Alliata di Montereale, Comtesse Gaël d'Oncieu. *The party before the wedding at the Cercle Interallié in Paris:* 5. Princesse Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge, Prince Guy-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge. 6. Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, Mlle. Christina Onassis. 7. Minister of Economy and Finance and Madame Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. 8. Miss Marisa Berenson, M. Patrice Calmettes (in background), Régine. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.



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Arabian lights

The shining Feather Ball



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Oriental fabrics tented the ballroom of The Pierre hotel in New York; candles flared; buffet tables held Near-Eastern delights—suckling pig, couscous, pastilla—at the jewel of a thousand and one party nights: the eighteenth annual Feather Ball. This whirlwind evening had a goal: six hundred guests contributed over $185,000 to Just One Break, Inc., finder of jobs for the handicapped, with disabled veterans of Vietnam a special concern.



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1. Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer (she was Chairman of Ball). 2. Prince and Princess Eduard Egon zu Fürstenberg. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Jaquelin T. Robertson. 4. Mrs. Pierre Schlumberger, Count Vega del Ren. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Kasimir Korybut. 6. Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès. 7. Mrs. Peter R. Townsend, Mr. David Burr. 8. The guests at The Pierre hotel. 9. Mrs. David S. Ellis, Mr. Claude Arpels. 10. Senhor and Senhora Antonio Mayrink Veiga.

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patterns that fit into
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HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



***JACQUELINE ONASSIS** was born July 28, 1929, under the Fire sign of Leo—the sign of rulers, of those who feel that dominion over kingdoms is their natural right. In her chart, the Moon is in Aries, another Fire sign, showing a desire always to be first. The planet of plans—Saturn—is in a third Fire sign: Sagittarius. This Fire trinity indicates showmanship, a need to dazzle, to win fame through brilliance. There are two planets in each of four signs—this duality indicates two marriages and suggests that there is the possibility of a third to come.*

ARIES, March 21–April 20. This sign is the ignition key that starts things off. A rebirth of activity makes you want priority for your program—you like to be first. Your impetuous nature is not concerned with tomorrow, you prefer to win for now. The first week, the Sun and Venus—friendly to Aries—grant power and love in one of the best periods of the year for you. The second week brings an unexpected victory.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Though Taurians are slow to be sure, their leisurely rhythm makes them good dancers. Their obedience to the laws of nature makes this the strongest sign. Venus, the ruler of Taurus, rules the voice box, so you might speak or sing beautifully. As Venus is now in Leo, you will have to relinquish authority to others for these two weeks. Build up your own position, establish a stronghold.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Those born in this sign are easy to identify by their quick, childlike movements. You are an alert conversationalist and like to invent your own special words and ways of communicating. When you are in a joking mood, you love to appear rather fickle, keeping your knowledge to yourself. In early August, the fire of the Sun gives strength and initiative to the airy mutability of your nature.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. This is the first of the water signs, symbolizing the primal water from which organic life began. That accounts for the sensitivity and vulnerability involved in Cancer's strong intuitions and introversions. If you seem over emotional, it is because you have been deeply touched. Boiling up and over puts you at a disadvantage during these two weeks. Control and a waiting time are best.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your sign is now in full power. The fixed fire will burn with consolidated purpose. The Sun is at home in your sign, and you will have the right to use your talents and authority with firmness and power. Mars, planet of reality, is opposite in Aquarius, stimulating purpose. Venus is in your sign, too—this is a time to love and be loved. Speculate on all levels—success is assured.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Being the most disciplined in thought and action of the Earth signs accounts for the keen intelligence of Virgo. While you make a superb craftsman or critic, you may find it difficult to assume command. Your objective attitude comes from discriminating, rationalizing, and your focus on perfection. With your ruler, Mercury, in your own sign, now is the time to work for personal gains.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. The reason for the popularity of those born in Libra is their diplomatic approach. This is the only sign symbolized by an inanimate object: the scales. You are a gentle, tolerant companion; aggression is foreign to your nature. Libra women are the most *soignée* of the twelve signs. The Sun, now in the Fire sign of Leo, will stimulate you (an Air sign) to attract love during these two weeks.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Whether still or in motion, the energy of this sign is felt. This makes Scorpios exciting companions. Observant, you see to enjoy; and you stimulate others with your ability to provoke interest in the present. Jupiter has returned to Scorpio now, giving importance to your enterprises, but your renewed power will be challenged by associates every step of the way.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. Like the centaur-archer who symbolizes your sign, you have your feet well planted on the earth while shooting at a high target; this is confusing to those who do not understand your duality. Yours is a success sign but not one of material power. You will thrive most now if planning is done behind the scenes, in preparation for firing the world with the results later.

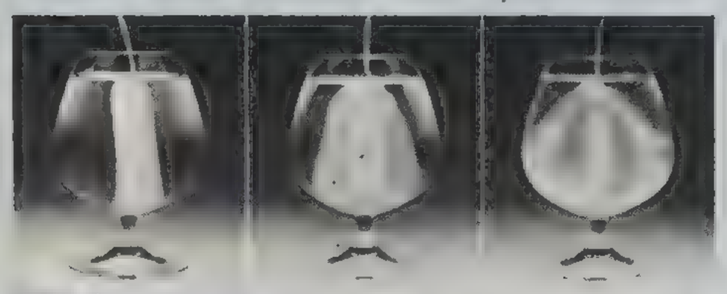
CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. This sign could be compared to the midnight hour—the result of all that has gone before. Those born in Capricorn like to feel whole, "together"; you cultivate a collected disposition. Even your wit is a bit melancholy, with a moral tinge. A period of evaluation is ending for you; the time has come to communicate facts, to begin a new cycle of expression, to reap results of your labors.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. If Aquarians live up to being the most completely human sign—as their symbol, the water-bearer, implies—they are concerned with all humanity. Your view is so universal that to narrow the lens would be intolerable to your nature. Mars occupies your sign, giving you the right of way through these two weeks—to initiate, to create, to stimulate. You will stand forward now.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Pisceans are irked by precision. Your sign is mutable; and in your view, stability belongs to the more practical signs. At your best, you are idealistic and will drift away from the go-getters; but once dedicated, you excel. Many forces have seemed to block you recently; but Jupiter back in a Water sign, Scorpio, reinstates you during this entire period, reviving ideas that can now succeed.

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73%* who did preferred the protection of the Playtex Tampon.



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This month, see for yourself what more and more women just like you are discovering every day. Nothing protects the way the Playtex Tampon does.



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FORTY-EIGHT-HOUR FEAST

with the hostess as relaxed as her guests; good plans make good weekends

By Maxime McKendry

Here's a weekend food scheme for six people—noon and night menus, recipes for starred dishes. For breakfast, add at will.

Shopping list

Capon
Sole
Cold cuts
Prosciutto
Milk
Butter
Eggs
Cheeses
Endives and greens
Fresh herbs
Strawberries
Oranges
Melons
Lemons
Tomatoes
Onions
Shallots
Garlic
Celery
Potatoes
Ice cream
Frozen snow peas
Frozen oyster stew
Canned chicken consommé
Canned pesto sauce
Canned oysters
Bottled shrimps
Olive oil
Vinegar
French mustard
Crackers
Rolls
Bread
Pecan pies
Beer
White wine
Crème de cassis
Liquors

Make sure you have: ***Salt; Pepper; Nutmeg; Cayenne pepper; Paprika; Allspice; White and brown sugar; Dried thyme, sage, marjoram, and rosemary; Worcestershire sauce***

Friday supper: aid for tired guests.

John Vesey's oyster stew*
Pilot crackers
Cold cuts
Cheese and salad
Strawberries in orange juice*
Beer

John Vesey, a designer of custom furniture, devised this one-dish meal in his bachelor kitchen with ingredients easily at hand.

John Vesey's oyster stew

2 cans frozen oyster stew
1 large can oysters with their liquor
3 cups milk
4-5 liberal dashes Worcestershire sauce
6 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper, paprika

Combine all ingredients except paprika; heat just to the boil. Sprinkle with paprika and serve with crackers.

Strawberries in orange juice

3 baskets strawberries
2 oranges
Sugar

Pick over, wash, and drain berries; place in shallow dish. Sprinkle with sugar. Peel zest (orange layer of rind) from oranges, cut into finest possible strips—the length of 1 and width of 2 eyelashes. Squeeze oranges, pour juice over berries. Scatter orange peel over top. Chill.

Saturday lunch: whether the morning goes to sports or sleep, the meal should be light, refreshing.

Vin blanc cassis ***Potted shrimps*** ***Melon with prosciutto***
Fillets of sole with tomatoes and pesto sauce*
Snow peas ***Orange and mint salad****

Vin blanc cassis:

Chilled white wine with a few drops crème de cassis (black-currant syrup) in each glass

Potted shrimps:

A favorite from the Wilton's Restaurant in London

3 jars tiny Danish shrimps
Melted butter ***Cayenne pepper*** ***Garlic (optional)***

Drain shrimps and pack firmly into serving dish—a small soufflé dish is good, or individual terrines. Season butter (garlic may be removed later) and pour over shrimp just to cover. Chill. Serve with toast.

Fillets of sole with tomatoes and pesto sauce

6 fillets of sole
6 ripe tomatoes
Salt, pepper
Butter
2 cans pesto sauce (a green sauce of basil, packed in Genoa by De Langlade & Grancelli; found in Italian delicatessens or at Bruno Ravioli Co., Inc., 653 Ninth Avenue, New York)

Peel, slice, and seed tomatoes. Butter casserole and layer bottom with half of tomato. Season. Place fillets of sole on top of tomatoes, each folded in half with a tablespoon of pesto sauce inside. Cover with remaining tomato slices. Season and dot with butter. Bake in oven preheated to 300° for 20 minutes or until fish is flaky. Serve hot or cold.

Orange and mint salad

12 oranges
Brown sugar
Fresh mint, chopped fine

Peel oranges, removing all white pith. Slice crosswise directly into serving bowl to keep juice. Sprinkle with sugar, mint. A little bourbon may be added; if so, add extra sugar. Chill.

Saturday dinner: the big, jolly, relaxed meal of the weekend, time for pretty dresses and bare feet.

Cocktails
Tomato salad*
Long Island capon with onion-and-celery stuffing*
Roast potatoes
Braised endives
Pecan pie with vanilla ice cream

Tomato salad

12 tomatoes ***Olive oil*** ***Vinegar***
French mustard ***Salt and pepper*** ***Shallots***
Parsley, basil, or chives

Peel, seed, and slice tomatoes. Make enough vinaigrette sauce for two days with 3 parts oil, 1 vinegar; season with mustard, salt, pepper. Sauce tomatoes and store remainder of vinaigrette in refrigerator. Chop 4 shallot cloves very fine and sprinkle over tomatoes along with chopped herbs. Parsley should be chopped fine, basil more coarsely, and chives snipped with scissors.

Long Island capon

5-6 pound capon
1 lemon
2 medium onions, coarsely chopped
4 sticks celery, diced fine
1 stick butter
1 ½ cups fresh bread crumbs
1 teaspoon each dried thyme and sage
½ teaspoon each dried marjoram and rosemary
Salt and pepper

Melt butter, add onions and cook until soft; add celery and cook a few minutes—it should remain crisp. Stir in herbs, seasonings, crumbs. Rub the inside of the fowl with cut lemon; stuff. Fasten vent. Roll two largish lumps of butter in more of the herbs, slip them and a little lemon pulp under the loosened skin of breast. Put remaining butter in the roasting pan. Roast bird in oven preheated to 350° about 2 hours. Baste often. Add peeled, parboiled Idaho potatoes last half hour.

Sunday lunch: Leftovers can be a bore at a weekend house. Use up the extras before you leave: Arrange a big platter of cold cuts and sliced capon. Add a sauce of mayonnaise mixed with pesto sauce, lemon juice, herbs. Oranges and endives make a salad with vinaigrette sauce. Cheese, crackers, and pecan pie should finish off the meal and your weekend supplies.

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The man is David Hicks.

He's the internationally famous interior designer responsible for the geometric explosion in home furnishings.

He's decorated homes all over the world and everything from ocean liners to castles.

This time, we asked him to decorate the interior of a bed.

The patterns you see here are just some of the designs he created for Stevens-Utica® No-Iron sheets (50% cotton/50% polyester).

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Stevens-Utica No-Iron sheets and towels. Designed and selected by David Hicks

J. P. Stevens & Co. Inc.

the man and the sea

PETER FONDA ABOARD HIS 80-FT. RIGGED SAILING KETCH TALKS SAILING GEAR



SUSAN FONDA

"I just sailed the 'Tatoosh' with a crew of nine friends to Lahaina on Maui: a twelve-day trip that was as much sailing exercise as pleasure trip." Gear proved out in sailing trial: "Two elk-hide saddle bags to hold all my loose gear. The rest stowed in an old leather Gucci that has to be held together with belts, but is very organic, moves around easily, is not really stiff. . . . Clothes: blue jeans, lots of changes of blue Levi shirts, lots of changes of white socks –I like to be clean, but not to have to worry about what to wear. On deck–jeans, T-shirt, blue Levi shirt; over this, waterproof foul-weather gear–mine is oilskin. Thermal underwear if it's really cold. Swim shorts, and a full wet suit. Indispensables: quilt, sleeping bag, and a Space blanket–the kind made for the astronauts that you can practically fold into your wallet, I found it in the Whole Earth Catalogue. We had a compressor aboard. For scuba diving, it's best to have the tanks that give about thirty minutes of air. For food, we took vegetables, lots of rice, and caught fish for meals. I also took about $300 in cash of various currencies, and the plastic inevitables–those symbols of money–American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners, and the rest."

Smoothing any sailor: wind, sun, and water take a heavy toll . . . three tested aids–Kanon Clear Hair Groom with protein. A clear gel to massage into damp hair, comb. Protein penetrates hair shaft, seals it against sun and water damage. $2.75. . . . Bain de Soleil Bronzer–helps guard against burn, smooths out a bright red burn into hero-of-the-high-seas brown. One bronzer that isn't perfumed, doesn't look or feel like makeup. $3. . . . And don't forget Nivea Skin Cream. Great for easing tight, wind-burned skin. Pinch hits as a brushless shave cream. One ounce, 35 cents. All three are in tubes, can be stowed in tight quarters with no worry about breaking.

Bright idea on Long Island Sound: an Olympic sailboat with colored lines – blue for outhaul; green, down-haul – for instant identification when crew is hiked out for racing. Lines from Elvstrom in Denmark . . . .

when your real hair won't do



Dynel modacrylic is today's carefree way to look great every busy minute. Dynel fiber washes, styles, packs, restyles and stays looking so beautifully lustrous and life-like it practically grows. Insist on Dynel when you buy a wig or hairpiece; it's well worth the extra pennies.

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for girls with better things to do

UNION CARBIDE

AUGUST 1, 1966

VOGUE'S POINT OF VIEW: THE SWING TO CLASSICS

If this is your line of country—this easy, very casual and correct separates way of dressing—then welcome to heaven! For the first time in years, you are going to be able to walk into a store and actually buy these things—separately or as a total look—from this top designer and from that top designer—it is big, big news. And it's like a breath of fresh air.... We feel so strongly about this kind of dressing—it looks so right to us now, so feminine and turned out and spic and span—that we're going to talk about nothing else in this issue; we are simply going to show you The Vogue Look (which is by way of saying that within the classic range there are some birds that sing more sweetly to us than others; these are they). If you were to own each of the Looks in the next ten pages, you would have everything we're talking about. And you would have it made.

THIS IS THE LOOK, left—from the smallness of the sapphire cashmere pull and the flash of shirt cuffs and collar underneath, to the width and hang and break of the grey flannel Fred Astaire pants—this is Vogue's idea of a classic for our time.

Braemar ribbed pull; about $38. Amity Fabrics wool-and-acrylic pants by Scott Barrie; about $48. Both, Bonwit Teller; Bass-Weejuns.... Coiffures with the Vogue Look, eleven pages by Sugo.

Accessory details, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON

THE VOGUE LOOK

IN THE SWING TO CLASSICS

Look right. Look ahead—and not just in these pages: there is nothing of the past about today's classics—nothing you can pull out of an old hat—so just empty your mind of reticent pearls and baggy Shetlands. You will have sweaters, all right—but news in sweaters. Pattern in sweaters. Sweaters that work as dresses or as suits. Sweaters you can layer over things and under things and put inside a marvelous blazer with a swinging kilt. . . . The point is, we are into something totally fresh. It has an air—a stylishness. Every little anything you do with it is important—the way you pull apart your shirt collar under your sweater and pull out the cuffs and fold them back and leave them open; the way your pants break just on the top of your shoe. It's all in the correctness, the neatness, the eliminating of things; what you leave off counts as much as what you add, and what you add has got to be really super—the tie shoe and the ribbed stocking, the short sharp leather glove, the good leather belt with a beautiful silver closing. Even the strap on your watch has clout. And the brasses on your bag and the quality of the brown. . . . Your hardware gleams, your hair is shining, your face is bright. We're in an era of clean living and high polish, and it takes a certain fitness to carry it off well...when that is fait accompli, the world is yours....

PATTERNS, SWEATERS, LAYERS, right—this, by Missoni, is the essence of what we're saying: You have your jersey shirt and skirt, your patchwork tank top and sleeveless cardigan. And when you want to be dressed—but not very—you put yourself together like this, and you really have something going for you.

Wool shirt, about $35; skirt, about $45. Shetland tank top, cardigan; each, about $40. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . Re new faces in classic situations: all you want is your own best-of-health color—but better. Consider, therefore, new Transparent Coloring Cream Makeup—Etherea's hypoallergenic nature-improver. . . . For accessory details, see next to last page this issue.



AVEDON



THE SWEATER SET, right–don't even try to remember what it used to be; this is so new and so super. And so useful: as often as you've been torn between the feeling for a sweater and skirt and the need for a dress–that's how often you're going to reach for this lean, ribby navy cardigan and pull and patterned skirt.... It's something we've all been wanting for ages.



THE SUIT-SUIT, opposite–a real suit–with a classic safari jacket–how long it's been and how great to have it in our lives again! This navy knit especially, with its lining patterned and its shirt patterned, so the dash holds together whether the jacket is on or off, buttoned and belted or swinging open. (Right here, by the way, is where you might layer in a little red sweater-vest, or chocolate suède ... sort of compounding the good work.)



Left: Kimberly turn-out of wool knitted in America; about $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson.

Right: Four-piece suit (matching pants not shown) of wool knitted in America; rayon shirt. By David Crystal; about $145. Bergdorf Goodman; Jelleff's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; B. Siegel; T. A. Chapman; Woolf Brothers; Montaldo's; Battelstein's. . . . On the theory that two good looks deserve another: Coty's Sheer Puffery Whipped-Gel Facecolor—a natural in both cases. Accessories, see page 131.

AVEDON

Left: Anne Klein coat, of wool and mohair, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Vandever's; The Denver. *Right:* Blazer (about $100) and kilt (about $44), of Stewart Hecklonum wool, loomed in America. Vest, about $74. Wool challis shirt, about $60. By Missoni. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . For accessory details, see next to last page this issue.

THE POLO COAT, left—the must-have coat of the year in a soft, beautiful bottle-green mohair. This is the one you are going to snuggle into and tie around like a dressing gown and wear and wear and wear over everything—there is such élan to it, such ease and luxuriousness—if we had our way, every woman in the country would be just so wrapped....

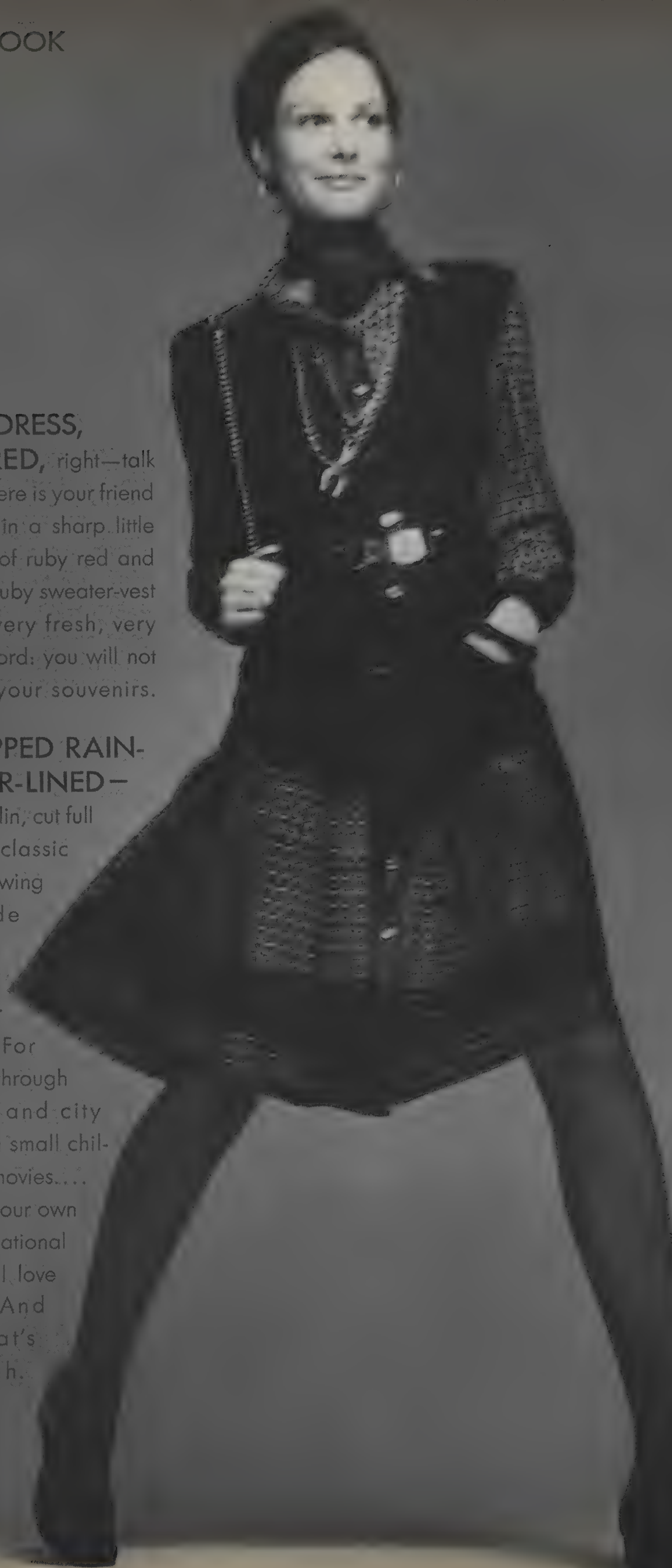
THE SEPARATES SUIT, in grey flannel. With a perfect blazer. With a kilt that swings. With a little chamois vest and a patterned stock-shirt of grey-and-beige challis—do we have to tell you how this will improve each shining hour?—how it will lift your spirits and lighten your step?...Remember when we said in July that you would feel like a new woman in your clothes this fall?—this is the sort of thing we had in mind.

AVEDON

THE VOGUE LOOK

THE SHIRTDRESS, SWEATERED, right—talk about new faces: here is your friend the shirtdress. But in a sharp little geometric pattern of ruby red and navy. With a long ruby sweater-vest belted over it...very fresh, very with-it. Take our word: you will not find this among your souvenirs.

THE CHOPPED RAIN-COAT, FUR-LINED—brass-colored poplin, cut full and loose like a classic hunting jacket. To swing over navy suède short pants. Grey flannel long pants. To wear for driving. Skiing. For biking. For hiking through russety woods and city streets. For taking small children to G-rated movies.... Buy it and invent your own uses—it is a sensational coat and you will love wearing it....And sometimes that's reason enough.



Left: Dress of Arnel; sweater-vest of Fortrel. By Wilroy; about $90. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Maison Blanche; Frost Bros.

Right: Dacron-and-cotton coat (Galey & Lord fabric); lined in Canadian kit fox ovals. By Bill Blass for Bond Street; about $345. blass-port navy wool turtleneck, about $22; and navy suède shorts, about $86. All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. ... Accessory details, see next to last page this issue.

AVEDON





Left: Ginessa dress designed by Richard Assatly of Trevira and wool; about $95. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's; J. W. Robinson. *Right:* Wool blazer (about $112) and pants (about $50), of Shamokin Woolen Mills fabric, loomed in America; vest, about $64; wool shirt and tie, about $68. By blassport. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Maison Blanche; Frost Bros.; The Denver. For accessory details, see next to last page this issue.

AVEDON

THE LITTLE—SOMETHING DRESS, left, in a tartan of red, black, and green, with starched white cuffs and collar and a Buster Brown bow at the neck—as classic as a dress can be, this dress is. And for the girl who understands that innocence can move mountains and prim-and-proper rival sequins in allure, we can't recommend it too highly....

THE ULTIMATE PANTS TAILLEUR—but a true tailleur, such as we haven't seen for a long, long time. Such as we should like to see—always—looking at once very Savile Row and totally feminine. (Which ideal comes to you here by way of a ravishing Prince de Galles plaid in navy and beige, with a navy suède vest under the blazer and a Paisleyed shirt and tie of navy-cream-and-brown wool challis.)

THE YEAR OF THE



THE EVENING SWEATER

SWEATER

You're now about to see what we mean by sweaters. Long, short, over, under, patterned, plain — they're all here. Sweaters you can live in day and night — all the time, if you like — and never bore yourself or anybody else. Consider the button-sleeve black cashmere, left, and how delicious it will look across the dinner table with just these flashes of bareness.... And the black sweater-vest, right: This is what we call a find — it's what you put over skin when you want to be bare at night; what you put under a blazer by day, over other sweaters, over shirts. If you had this in every color of the rainbow, you would not be over-subscribed.

Left: Ribbed sweater by Pringle of Scotland, about $60. Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Wool vest by blassport, about $18. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; O'Neil's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Grey flannel trousers (Stevens Hockanum wool), by blassport; $38. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Ara Gallant coifs. Accessories, next to last page this issue.



AVEDON

LITTLE SUBTLE PATTERN ON PATTERN, get that for the part. And a sweater made by a better sweater. A perfect [illegible] wide, deep and narrow, with wavy navy-white [illegible] and smashing with anything unpatterned, but with the same-color, other-pattern joggers, it's the smashingest. And cashmere besides.

BIG BOLD PATTERN, far right, now that's some bright! Would you believe the classic Shetland crew-neck in these prime colors, worn this tight? Take two (they're very small)—wear one, tie the other around your neck like a warm woolly scarf.

Left: Pullover and jogging pants by Braemer. About $150. Lord & Taylor; Roos-Atkins. Suga coif. Accessories, next to last page this issue.... *Right:* Sweaters and knit pants by Bistrot du Tricot, of wool. Sweaters, about $26 each. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Ara Gallant coif. Makeup by Clinique, as is new Herb Shampoo, to which this healthy, shiny hair might owe all.

AVEDON

THE YEAR OF THE SWEATER: PATTERN ON PATTERN,



THE YEAR OF THE SWEATER: PATTERNED

ARGYLE, right: Black-and-white cashmere Argyle—the most modern, most marvelous Argyle ever—this is it, if you don't buy another thing. Wear it at night over a red satin shirt open at the throat, cuffs folded back and black jersey pants (or black charmeuse pants and tie, as Valentino showed it). Wear it for day over this shirt or a Paisley shirt or over a turtleneck . . . and put the whole thing under a grey flannel suit. Wow!

SWEATER SET in black with a tiny rosebud pattern. A sweater set like nothing you've ever seen before, with its lean long pullover and lean long cardigan and matching pants in the softest wool and angora. When what you want is the ease of sweaters and pants, but some little something extra—this is something!

Right: **Argyle sweater, about $85; shirt, about $70; wool pants, about $95. All from Valentino Boutique; also at Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Frost Bros.; Neusteters; I. Magnin. . . . *Far right:* Halston. International turnout, about $100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures: Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page.**



THE YEAR OF THE SWEATER: PATTERNED

ALPHABET, left—ABCs around the midriff of a hand-crocheted sweater-vest: black-navy-red-white, small and snug over a patterned shirt or plain shirt, under a blazer...you name it.

TIED BULLS, below, all over a black short-sleeved pull that's going to be great over a long-sleeved shirt.

ANIMAL CRACKERS, near right: a red menagerie on a black pull that's half of a two-piece dress as well as sweater to anything else you want it to be sweater to. Shirts? Pants?

JACQUARD

Take a long look at the girl on the [illegible] page. She's got it together: the sweater-vest, the shirt, the matching shorts, sweatery legs. And that vest's as good belted over a shirtdress as it is over a shirt—anything with sleeves.

For left, above: Sweater-vest by Adolfo, of wool and silk, about $100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Cotton shirt, about $14; ascot tie, about $13, from The Custom Shop. Harmon Knitwear pants. . . . For Lily, below: Pull-on pants by Sara Angelo knits for Great Times; Orlon knit. Each, about $20. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's. . . . Center. Turnout by Linda Wade knit for Alberey; Orlon knit. Pull, about $15, skirt, about $17. Bonwit Teller. . . . This page: Grey-and-white wool turnout, Kenrob by Dalton Yarn, about $18, and shorts, about $20, knitted in America; white wool shirt, about $30. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan. Ara Gallant coiffures. Accessories, next to last page this issue.







Three classic beauties–

a photographic study by Richard Avedon

S.A.S. PRINCESSE STEPHANIE WINDISCH-GRAETZ...

She is the great, great granddaughter
of Elizabeth of Austria—called, at the time
of her marriage to the Emperor Franz Joseph,
the most beautiful woman in Europe—
and she is magnificent. Very tall,
long-eyed, with high curved cheekbones
and golden-beige hair. A straightforward,
easy-going, natural beauty who lives a very
private life in Vienna and gets up at seven with
her two small sons. . . . Marc Sinclaire coiffures.

VIRNA LISI...

CLASSIC MOVIE-STAR ALLURE

Pale blond, green-eyed, curvy, leggy—
what more could a movie star be?
Except Italian. and Virna Lisi's that, too...
sexy, intense, with a tantalizing
sliver of ice. She brings it all to the screen,
most recently in *Un Bel Mostro*
co-starring Helmut Berger.

AVEDON



AVEDON

NATALIA MAKAROVA...

CLASSIC BALLET TEMPERAMENT

Now with the American Baller Theatre, she is
most recent of the runaway Kirov superstars
to bring to American dance the classical experience.
Even in *Giselle*, the most delicate and romantic of
her roles, Makarova is a definite presence on
stage—beyond the quickness and rapture,
you feel the strength and tension and vitality.
She has the classic discipline. And the look—the
extraordinary length of leg and of neck;
at Leningrad's Vaganova School,
the Kirov training ground, she was called Giraffe.
Coiffure by François of Kenneth.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

NEW ART ACTION IN MINNEAPOLIS



BY BARBARA ROSE

PETER MARCUS

On one of the sculpture roofs of the new Walker Art Center, Martin Friedman, the Minneapolis Museum's director, stands in front of sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz (left) and Tony Smith.

If the art world grapevine is to be believed, the action today is not in New York or even Los Angeles but, of all places, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the Walker Art Center reopened in May in its elegant spacious new quarters designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes. While art activity elsewhere declines into predictable trend-setting or simply atrophies for lack of direction, the Walker, under the energetic leadership of its brilliant director Martin Friedman, is launching a series of programs focused on serving the diverse needs of a plurality of publics, from grammar-school students to city planners, from film buffs to dance and theater amateurs.

The Walker succeeds where others falter largely because of the flexible personalities of men like architect Barnes and curator Friedman. Everywhere at the Walker, a humane spirit of collaboration instead of competition shows. Barnes's building is no architect's oppressive ego trip; it is rather—from its classically elegant, understated façade to its seven tiers of beautifully proportioned galleries gracefully flowing from a central core—a building designed on a human scale for people to move through at a leisurely pace and for artists to show works in without having to compete with the architecture. Because many of the details were worked out in long planning sessions between Barnes and Friedman, who also solicited suggestions from artists and critics, the Walker is one of the few new museums genuinely adequate to current needs. The Walker represents a unique situation. Barnes's willingness to serve Friedman's vision is equalled by Friedman's own responsiveness to the needs of artists and of the public. Friedman in turn is probably the only curator in America to speak warmly of his trustees and the support they have given his innovative plans. Among Friedman's dedicated young staff, there is a trusting camaraderie and *esprit de corps;* even the guards, dressed informally in turtlenecks and slacks, smile and wave as Friedman tours the galleries talking and joking with students and young artists.

Much of the Walker's success depends on Friedman's personality and philosophy. He believes the museum must take an active role, reaching out into the city and the university and designing programs to educate an audience to have a genuine understanding of modern art. Museum curators are not especially known for their willingness to take risks; but Friedman, committed to experimentation, is brave enough to suffer the unavoidable failures as well as the successes of such an approach. An example of the trial and error method, the Walker's opening show naturally had its share of triumphs and disasters. Responsive to artists working with situations, environments, and ephemeral materials as opposed to the traditional static objects, Friedman commissioned nineteen artists plus the Pulsa group to create works especially for the show. Some were such well-known art stars as Robert Rauschenberg, Donald Judd, and Dan Flavin; others were such upcoming talents as Laddie John Dill, Dorothea Rockburne, and Sam Gilliam. Four of the group were, significantly, local Minnesota artists. Invited artists were given a choice of spaces, and their expenses and costs were paid. Local businessmen and workers donated materials and services, so the show in many respects was a community effort. (Dan Flavin's stunning piece—a corridor tinted in sunset hues by a complex overhead grid of fluorescent tubes—was signed by the electricians who installed it without charge as well as by Flavin.) Other works also stood out: Lynda Benglis's series of menacing archetypal forms of poured plastic was striking in its dramatically original antediluvian imagery; Larry Bell's fragile glass walls drew the viewer successfully into their poetic world of dissolving and refracting mirror images; and Minneapolis sculptor Siah Armajani's folded metal sheet, ingeniously suspended in midair with a powerful magnet, compelled attention. But the most arresting work, both visually and conceptually, was surely Robert Irwin's elusive light environment, a mysterious mirage suggesting a view into the infinite. Stretching a screen of nearly transparent scrim diagonally from floor to ceiling across an entire gallery wall, Irwin used a high intensity light hidden from view to illuminate the space, creating an illusion of a translucent volume of light. Through the simplest means, an enigmatic illusion of great subtlety was created. Ed Moses's delicate lines sensitively etched in plastic, Richard Serra's powerfully expressive raw steel planks precariously resting against one another, and Mark Di Suvero's gargantuan red construction outside the museum also looked especially fresh at a moment when so much looks stale.

All in all, the exhibition was fit to inaugurate what is obviously now the most exciting museum in America from the point of view of contemporary art. Located far from the marketplace and the mainstream, the Walker is free of the political, social, and psychological pressures racking New York's beleaguered museums. The excitement its new programs are generating may point perhaps to a general decentralization of the art scene. Appropriately, this new historical moment begins at a museum that grew from the first public art gallery in the Midwest, opened in 1879 by the art-loving timberman T. B. Walker in his own home. Almost a century later, eighty-five members of the Walker clan assembled for the inauguration of the new Walker Art Center, today a model museum for all concerned with the future of the visual arts. ▼

HAROLD PINTER CRACKS HIS COOL

in his first major play since 1965

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

Harold Pinter's *Old Times*—his first full-length play since 1965—is about a woman who comes to visit a former roommate and takes her away from her husband. It is a typical Pinter plot, reminiscent of *The Homecoming;* and, in fact, the new play is as much like those of his past as it is unlike them. This comes as something of a relief. In the six years since *The Homecoming* was produced, Pinter has written only two plays, one-acters at that (*Landscape* and *Silence*), both experimental, devoid of plot or action, existing only for words, embarrassingly Beckett-like, and denying the playwright's strongest and best theatrical impulses. With *Old Times,* Pinter has evidently (and wisely) rejected the style of these two experiments while keeping their content—the undependable and self-serving nature of memory.

Old Times is set in a renovated farmhouse, strikingly designed by John Bury for whiteness, modernity, and a certain Orientalism that keeps with the play's feeling of inevitability. A married couple (sincere Deeley and detached Kate) discuss the wife's friend (Anna) of twenty years ago—a friend who stands with her back to the audience during the conversation to indicate her presence in and hold on Kate's life. The dialogue is almost self-satirical Pinter, slightly too oblique, threatening, mischievous, and riddled with pauses (one lasts almost thirty seconds) as if he was tiring of the business and had to press to do it. Then, with a burst of white light and an about-face, Anna is present and her contest with Deeley begins: Who gets Kate?

"Getting" people, "taking" them, has been a running concern of Pinter's as he worked the fields of game-playing, social poise, confidence, and power. It has become, I think, a trivial concern, beneath his intelligence and talent; but it has served well enough as the basis for the best written and most fascinating English-language plays of our time.

In *Old Times,* Pinter has probably dealt with this subject for the last time. The play seems the start of a new phase for him, as the masterful *Homecoming* seemed an earlier peak. What's innovative about *Old Times* is that Pinter has allowed a break in his cool, showing a character (the husband) not only vulnerable but capable of emotional outbursts; moreover, Pinter's sympathies now include the losers, who lose mainly because they are too open and honest to resort to games and to play them well. Pinter has also carefully altered his surrealism so that a character (again the husband) can finally have his fill of the weird goings-on and wonder aloud what in hell is happening. These changes have added a depth and humanity to the playwright's work, while actually intensifying the qualities that have always made him unique and special.

Uncertainty on these new grounds has slightly flawed Pinter's usual smoothness, but this is not unwelcome as he was beginning to seem facile. This play, too, suffers from some of that. There is a terribly funny sequence involving an exchange of romantic song titles that degenerates into a heavy-handed comment on the plot (going through almost the entire lyric of *They Can't Take That Away From Me*). Nevertheless, *Old Times* has been constructed with beautiful symmetry, is exquisitely written, and is absolutely absorbing. It has been gorgeously directed by Peter Hall for The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych Theatre in London. The casting is perfect (Dorothy Tutin and Colin Blakely as the marrieds and Vivien Merchant, Pinter's wife as the preying Anna), and Harold Pinter's already important career has assumed a new excitement. ▼



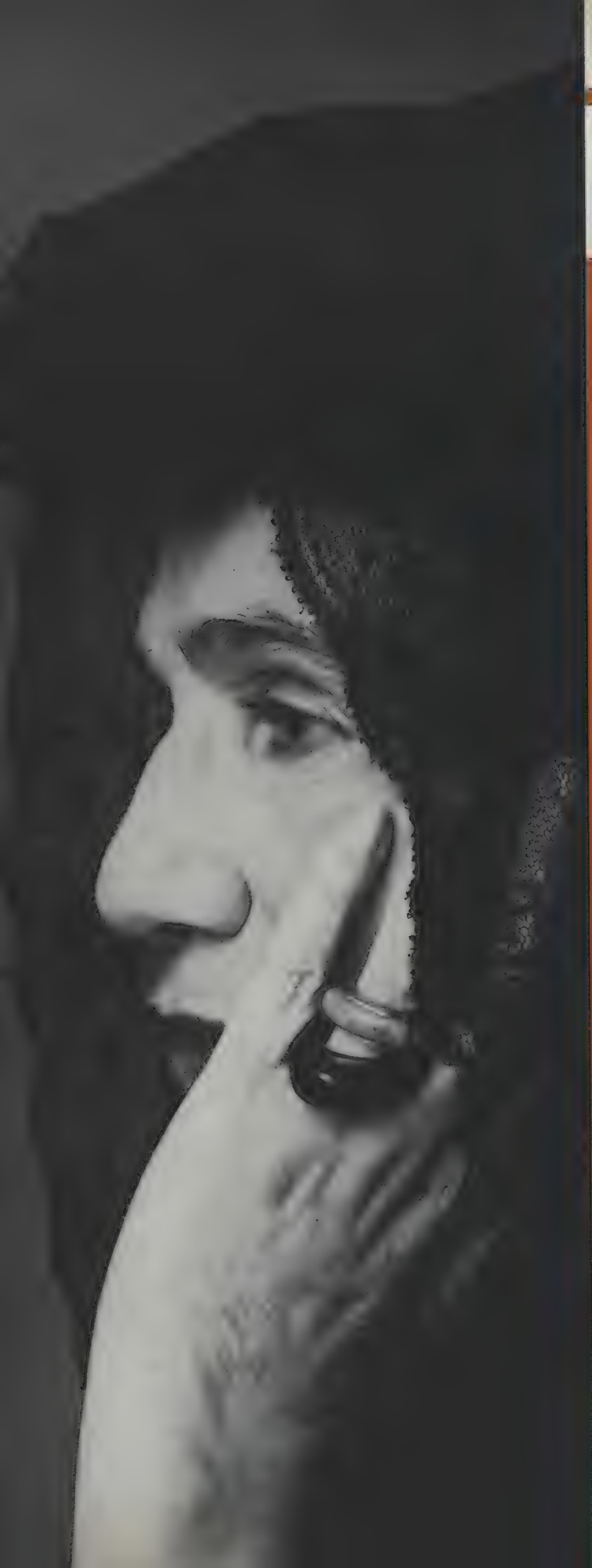
Lea Massari is the new force in French films—a sensation, at the otherwise boring Cannes Film Festival, in the new Louis Malle movie, *Le Souffle au Coeur.* Easy, with a heart-stopping physicality, big eyes, and freckles, Lea Massari is totally the sensual woman, vital in a way that panics both men and women—but for different reasons. She doesn't act, she simply moves. Off the screen, she shares with her husband, a pilot for Alitalia, a mania for isolation—they have a house on the beach in Sardinia—and for Brazilian music, for which they fly to Brazil. Pure pleasure.

WHAT SHE PROMISES, SHE GIVES

lea massari

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FRANCO RUBARTELLI



THE WOMAN BEHIND GREAT THINKERS:

RUTH NANDA ANSHEN, UNIQUE PUBLISHER OF MORE THAN 100 MIND-STRETCHING BOOKS

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

No woman is famous for having created a philosophy, but Dr. Ruth Nanda Anshen is distinguished by her search for one. Her method has been not to seek that philosophy in books but to get books written that would embody it. She is a super-planner of series of writings focused on universal themes: Science of Culture Series, World Perspectives, Religious Perspectives, Credo Perspectives, Perspectives in Humanism. To date, Dr. Anshen has stimulated the composition of more than a hundred volumes in fields ranging from physics and biology to philosophy, education, psychology, esthetics. Among her authors have been Albert Einstein and Werner Heisenberg, Benedetto Croce and Alfred N. Whitehead, Thomas Mann, Paul Tillich, Walter Gropius, W. H. Auden, Margaret Mead, Konrad Adenauer, and Pope John XXIII.

As a graduate student in philosophy taking courses with Whitehead at Cambridge, Dr. Anshen attended the Harvard Tercentenary Symposia in 1936 at which intellectuals from all over the world read papers in commemoration of the anniversary. Listening intently to paper after paper, the young philosophy major became aware that, for all their brilliance, the thoughts presented lacked relation to one another and that their total effect was to confuse rather than to enlighten—a reaction not unusual among persons attending learned conferences. Troubled by the failure of communication in the world of the mind, Dr. Anshen at length formed the notion that the current fragmentation of thought might be overcome if thinkers in different disciplines could be induced to reflect on what their activities meant to them as individuals and to human life in general in relation to their respective disciplines. Out of this idea arose her project for nonspecialized books by outstanding specialists—when she discussed her plan with Einstein, he commented, "A very good plan. You want to make the future come sooner."

Dr. Anshen's first venture, the Science of Culture Series, had Einstein, Niels Bohr, and Whitehead on its Board of Editors. Later, four more series were added, each with its own Board and publisher. World Perspectives, the largest of the series, now comprises forty-four titles, reissued in paperback and some translated into forty-one languages. As with those to Dr. Anshen's other series, contributors to World Perspectives represent a Who's Who of personages in the sciences, philosophy, history, literature.

Like all gifted editors, Dr. Anshen has a genius for getting books written by people who didn't know they were going to write them. But Dr. Anshen is more than an editor. She comes to her prospective authors as a philosopher and an instigator of thought. She is familiar with the accomplishment of each and is prepared to propose a "perspective" by which the author can convey his broadest meaning. After an interview in the elegant sitting room of her house on Eighty-first Street, in New York, a physicist who has been quietly minding his equations may find himself reflecting on what attracted him to physics in the first place and what his findings among the electrons signify in the life of man.

Contributions to Dr. Anshen's series are by invitation only—and she invites only those scholars and writers who have indicated an awareness that beyond their specialized knowledge lies the unity of human experience and learning, as she explains in her introductory study in each volume. The "Perspectives" volumes are in no sense popularizations. They come directly from the horse's mouth, from the initiators of the ideas themselves. They are meant not merely to inform but to create.

In the final analysis, Dr. Anshen's aim extends beyond even the most important of her individual authors. It is to present the intellectual panorama of the times and the creative trends at work in it. Her publications aspire to nothing less than a synthesis by which life in the future will be clarified. ▼

JACK ROBINSON

LIFE OR ART? A REAL TADZIO FROM 1911, RIGHT, WITH HIS PLAYMATE JAN ON THE BEACH WHERE VISCONTI'S FILM *DEATH IN VENICE*, BELOW, WAS MADE.





After Luchino Visconti's beautiful but ponderous, gondola-speed film Death in Venice *opened, Jan Fudakowski, now living in London, remembered a holiday at the Grand Hotel des Bains in Venice in 1911 that his family shared with another family, their son Tadzio Moes, and—by coincidence—a curious older man. The name "Tadzio," the hotel, the cholera scare, the friendship are in the Mann novella and in the movie. Fudakowski said, "I can remember how we two used to nudge each other and say, 'That old man's watching us again.'" Was the "old man" Mann, who was also in Venice in 1911?*

DEATH IN VENICE

SIXTY YEARS LATER, A CLUE TO THE SOURCE OF THOMAS MANN'S 1913 NOVELLA

The movies to watch for—from now to 1972

THE ANONYMOUS VENETIAN: *A Man and a Woman* Italian-style. Foreign aid to the handkerchief industry. **THE BOYFRIEND:** the parody of a 'twenties musical directed by Ken Russell. Twiggy comes back as an ingenue. **BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON:** directed by Franco Zeffirelli. All about those medieval hippies St. Francis and St. Clare. **CABARET:** Joel Grey, who made the Broadway musical, with Liza Minnelli in green fingernail polish; early Nazi Berlin. **THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE:** directed by Stanley Kubrick from the novel by Anthony Burgess. More bad news about the future. **THE COWBOYS:** John Wayne finally gets it. **DANCE OF DEATH:** the film from the August Strindberg play with Sir Laurence Olivier in one of the performances of his career. **DEALER:** dope with Kris Kristofferson and Karen Black. **DELIVERANCE:** with Jon Voight. All the poetic corn and violence of the best-selling novel by James Dickey. **THE DEVILS:** directed by Ken Russell from the novel by Aldous Huxley. Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed possessed in a seventeenth-century convent. **$:** major misdemeanors performed by Goldie Hawn, Warren Beatty, and Gert Frobe. **FAT CITY:** directed by John Huston from the brilliant, funny novel by Leonard Gardner. **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** from the longest-running Broadway musical, the Yiddish *Oklahoma!*. All *gelt*. **THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT:** from Jimmy Breslin's novel. **THE GODFATHER:** Mario Puzo's Mafialand with Marlon Brando, who isn't Italian, in the lead. **HAROLD AND MAUD:** seventy-four-year-old Ruth Gordon takes a twenty-year-old lover. **HOT ROCK:** George Segal, Robert Redford, and Zero Mostel in tandem. **JENNIFER ON MY MIND:** screenplay by Erich Segal, classics professor and author of *Love Story*. **JOE HILL:** directed by the Swedish director Bo Widerberg, a comer. **THE LAST MOVIE:** directed by Dennis Hopper. This year's movie to knock. **LOST HORIZON:** with songs by Burt Bacharach. What rhymes with Shangri-La or can Ann-Margret play an eight-hundred-year-old woman? **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** with Sophia Loren and Peter O'Toole. If only Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. . . . **MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS:** Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson in a British remake of *Old Acquaintance*. **MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ:** directed by John Cassavetes. More sordid suburban truth. **NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA:** one man's family against the seething background of Imperial Russia. **THE PIED PIPER:** with rock-star Donovan as the piper. **THE PLUMED SERPENT:** Sex-und-Drang. D. H. Lawrence down Mexico way. **A SAFE PLACE:** with Tuesday Weld, Jack Nicholson, and Orson Welles. Heavy. **SEE NO EVIL:** with Mia Farrow. No one looks scared better. **THE SENSUOUS WOMAN:** with screenplay by Arthur Kopit (K follows J). A domestic comedy. **A SEPARATE PEACE:** from the novel by John Knowles. Coming of age in America. **SILENT RUNNING:** directed by Douglas Trumbull, who did the spectacular special effects for *2001*. **SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE:** from the novel by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Another bomb for Dresden? **SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY:** directed by John Schlesinger. Glenda Jackson freaks out over a younger man who's freaking out over an older man. Progressive geometry. **WHAT'S UP, DOC?:** with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal. Can a brunette from Brooklyn find happiness with a blond beach bum from the Far West in a contractual arrangement not filmed until next October? ▼

The private lives of Mrs. Henry VIII—

JUST ENOUGH FOR A TV SERIES

By Ann Birstein

For many years I thought Cardinal Richelieu was Jewish. This was because he was George Arliss, who had also been Disraeli and Meyer Rothschild. An understandable confusion. More recently I found myself persuaded that the Duchess of Marlborough was Fleur Forsyte with cornstarch in her hair. Now, however, and I speak as one befuddled by the narrower details of history, though not by its larger scope, I think there has at last come to us a television series that will clear up one of the murkier aspects of it all: a new BBC import entitled *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, which CBS is showing in six successive weeks this summer, with each segment of an hour and a half devoted to one wife, and each in the proper order of her coming and going.

I say *think* because I've actually seen only one episode so far, number three, which concerns Jane Seymour and clears her up very nicely, though it leaves the others rather in doubt. That is, though it's made plain at the start that Catherine of Aragon has already expired, leaving a daughter, Mary, who in the course of this episode is finally permitted to come to Henry's court; and though there's a quick shot of Anne Boleyn meeting her end at the hand of the chopper, and many references to the fact that she was delivered of a dead son—Henry's desire for a male heir being the ostensible reason for all this marrying—no mention is made of Anne's daughter, Elizabeth, of whom I believe more was heard later. No matter. It's my one fact and I'm probably just stuck with it.

What is amazing is how wide a scope the television camera manages to achieve here, the suggestion of a very large chronicle on a very small screen: palaces, courtyards, geometric gardens, an English pastoral countryside that is quite beautiful in breadth and color. Color is used to particularly great effect, amazing in its subtlety—I don't know what will happen on black-and-white sets—and there's even effective use made of a lusty, bloody boar hunt, followed by a shot of Jane, white-coiffed and alone in the quiet green countryside, which is to be the whole point of her, her pale nun-like simplicity. The acting is certainly more than adequate to such concepts, though English actors always cheat by speaking the language so well, and though we've already been wenched and lustied to death in previous dramas about this period. Anne Stallybrass is a fittingly grave but maybe too plain Jane (it's a little hard to understand what a man like Henry actually sees in her); Wolfe Morris, a crafty Cromwell; Keith Michell, a kindlier, less blustering Henry than we're used to, which is a relief to the nerves though not particularly a tonic to the mind. The script is also adequate, and adequately literate, this segment having been written by Ian Thorne. But since there is a different writer for each episode, it will be interesting to see what Michell, the one consistent character, will make of Henry all told, and whether he will be able to develop him or merely have to bow to each new wind.

Because in this respect, getting to know the characters, this series, no matter how popular it turns out to be, won't be like *The Forsyte Saga*, a series you could curl up with and feel delicious and silly about at the end of a long Sunday heavy and burdened with *The New York Times*. It's both too serious and not serious enough. And, like all historical chronicles in no matter what medium, it's replete with cumbersome exposition, and poor Henry's having the simplest matters of sovereignty explained to him by anybody who comes walking along and his blinking at the wonder of it all. Under this heading, there are the usual comically mistaken prophecies (Henry again: "Artillery is all very well, but the long bow will never be superseded"); marital spats about such matters as the pilfering of the abbeys; oh-so-casual round-table chats about the translation of the Bible into the Vulgate, et cetera. Still, since I'm so sure it's all for my own good, maybe I ought to take it with better grace. ▼



BOOKS ROMA BAROCCA

Paolo Portoghesi's massive *Roma Barocca: The History of an Architectonic Culture*—it costs fifty dollars and weighs eight pounds, fifteen ounces—is a magnificent, spirited exception to most books on architecture, fascinating to read as well as to look at. The photographs—such as the architectural detail, above, from the façade of an eighteenth-century church by Giuseppe Sardi in the Trastevere section of Rome—reflect the extravagant emotionalism of the Roman Baroque, a continuous, dazzling development of the period Portoghesi marks off between 1600 and 1750. Paolo Portoghesi, a Milanese architect and critic, apparently sails through the colonnades, high above the cornices, to capture the dizzying, gravity-defying excesses of a Rome no one has seen so completely before, a superbly guided missal among art books. Published by MIT Press.

THEATER

CLIFF GORMAN AS LENNY IN THE PLAY THAT AIMS TO SHOCK—AND DOES

Cliff Gorman, *right*, as Lenny Bruce, the early 'sixties nightclub comedian, playing a frantic, comic bishop in full ecclesiastical drag on a hot-line monstrance-telephone to the Vatican after Mass has been interrupted by the return of Jesus and Moses and choir of lepers, in one of the funniest, most stunning moments ever on Broadway. *Lenny*, a play by Julian Barry, loosely biographical, its best moments Bruce's own material, shows a nightmare come true—under Tom O'Horgan's direction, the first play to strike a direction for the 'seventies. Bruce, who died five years ago of an overdose of drugs, seems even more acute today, his "sick humor" amazingly healthy, his four-letter words neutralized by the events they sought to fathom. Gorman, who brilliantly nanced his way through the stage and movie versions of *The Boys in the Band*, opens up full-register as Bruce in a rapidly accelerating, often manic tantrum against what Bruce saw as the stupidities of the American tribe. There was a childish, seductive charm about Bruce himself. As Lenny, Gorman uncovers the rage of a man caught in a society that took itself and its totems too seriously.

DIANE ARBUS

HAPPY DAYS

The little black knit dress . . . and other nifty new looks, on these 12 pages, that will ease you into the season . . . and sometimes into your evening

These are the day dresses—black and wool and knitted and ribby and fitting like skin through the top—that don't wait for an official announcement of fall to get cracking; don't go all to pieces if you keep them up late; can't be pigeonholed by any hour or season or mood—add gloves, a hat, you give them a whole other feeling (which is why we're showing you two aspects of each here). . . . Short-sleeved, *right*, with red-and-blue tapes, red arrow, and long long slashes over short shorts—how many days, even in summer, would this not take a lot of guesswork out of what to wear when you literally won't have a minute between noon and dinner??? . . . *Opposite*, the long-sleeved knit, with ribs to the waist, that's going to be so right for so many times and so many places, the only way to be in it as often as you'd like is to have it in duplicate . . . triplicate . . . different colors. Do it. The price is right, too.

Right and far right, above: Woolmark dress and shorts from Sandy Starkman for Knits by Don, about $46. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. . . . *Opposite and left, above:* Woolmark dress by Mia Editions, about $42. At Gimbels. . . . Hair in the Happy Days spirit, these twelve pages: François of Kenneth. For accessory details, see next to last page of this issue.









HAPPY DAYS

This is the life in pattern, in knit

Lots going on. Lots of pattern. Lots of color. But you see how neat and self-contained it all is this fall? . . . Big checks, small checks, mild checks, wild checks, *far left*—a nifty knit suit with a short, shirty jacket and button-front skirt in navy, grey, red, brown. Plus a bright navy turtleneck—don't stop there—layer on a dotted shirt over it. Surprise yourself a little. . . . *Left*, op stripes, pop stripes, every-day stripes on black—funny purples and greens and apricot—all sorts of knitty and nubbly marvelous colors in a turtleneck sweaterdress that you mustmustmust not miss. It's one of the best we've ever seen. . . . *Above*, shirtdress, button-up-and-down-dress, friend-to-all dress in string-color ribs, bound and belted in navy—when you want a change, pull out the navy turtle-dickey and wrap a piece of pattern around your neck instead.

Far left: A woolmark turnout by Goldworm, about $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Denver. . . . *Left:* Dress by Bistrot du Tricot, of acrylic and wool; about $75. Lord & Taylor. . . . *Above:* Nardis of Dallas dress, of Dacron knit; about $65. At L. S. Ayres. Accessory details next to last page this issue.

Patterns and layers in the sweater life

Just so you know we weren't fooling when we said you'd have a few sweaters this fall . . . a shrinky little sleeveless brown pull, *right*, that goes under this, over that, but comes to you the easy way—already pulled together with a nattily-collared white shirt, under a knitted brown-check suit with restless pleats. . . . Life of the layered life, *opposite*: a heather-grey Shetland pull, Argyled down the sleeves, that you can start out over a patterned shirt . . . then over a turtleneck if it's chilly, or do a cowboy tie in another pattern. And run it all around with a grey flannel kilt, Argyle knee socks, good-looking gillies. . . . Top of the page, *opposite*, what we'd all like to have now: a two-piece dress that's like two little sweaters—tight russety pull with a flouncy peplum and a flouncy skirt in a russet-and-brown jacquard. Her friend: our friend, the girl in the Argyled grey Shetland sweater.

Left: Suit and ribbed pull in Duplex International knit of Dacron. Shirt of acetate and nylon. All, Tom Nasarre for Studio Six. About $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Neiman-Marcus; The Denver; I. Magnin. . . . *Opposite:* Pull, about $35; skirt (Stevens Hockanum wool), about $58. Both, Something! by Oscar de la Renta. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. . . . *Opposite, top right:* Wool top and skirt by Gino Paoli, about $70. At Franklin Simon. Accessories, next to last page this issue.





Layered looks in the pants life

Wear any length of pants you like —short shorts; walking shorts; rolled to below the knee, as in Paris; rolled to above the ankle, as in jeans; long, as in long enough to half-cover the back of your shoe— they're all fine. Just layer on the shirts and sweaters, belt well—then you're super-fine . . . q.v., *farthest left,* white tie, patterned shirt, and a long, ribby brown pull belted over striped tights and District-check walkers in brown, black, white. . . . *Center,* a navy jumpsuit to treat as you would any proper little shirt-dress—put marvelous long boots with it; put it under a longhaired fur when the time comes. Anytime: put it over a shirt, a pull, zip it, belt it, go. . . . Put some pattern in your pants life, *left*—rolled-up jeans in a foulard-y brown, brown-and-white striped turtleneck—plus a sharp brown flight jacket lined to the cuffs in fuzzy white fleece. Be warm. Be happy.

Farthest left: Sweater, about $14; Shetland shorts, about $18. A woolmark turnout by Evan-Picone. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Lazarus. Shirt by Adelaar. Tie from The Custom Shop, about $13. . . . *Center:* Vicky Vaughn jumpsuit, of Dacron and wool. Junior sizes. About $28. At Bloomingdale's; Shillito's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. . . . *Left:* Wool jeans, $18; Merino wool sweater, $18; wool jacket, lined in acrylic fleece (Collins & Aikman fabric), $36. A woolmark turnout by John Meyer. At Macy's. Accessories, next to last page.

PENATI

Fake fur and pants suits in the layered life

This is really a great way to look just hacking around, isn't it?—pants and jackets with layers of sweaters and shirts and patterns underneath. And when it gets cold, you put it all under a big, wonderful, shaggy fake fur—if you want to be warmer, more comfortable than this, you will have to go indoors and sit by the fire. . . . *Near right,* a patterned jeans suit you can ski in, walk in the rain in, live in—navy and white in a good, gutsy, water-repellant denim, with a snap-front jacket over a long-sleeved navy pull, patterned shirt. . . . *Center,* pepper-and-salt tweed—brown, black, white over a diamond-patterned pull in wine and white with a shirt of another pattern underneath. . . . *Far right,* the cozy, fluffy, fakey grey fur under which anything goes, including its own red vest in quilted vinyl—a bit of flash in the long cold winter ahead.

Near right: White Stag suit, of Dacron, cotton, and Lycra. Jacket, about $30; pants, about $20; navy wool sweater, about $32. Turnout at Lord & Taylor, New York. . . . *Center:* Pendleton wool suit, about $85. A woolmark turnout, at Macy's; May D&F; Meier & Frank. Sweater by It Still Does. . . . *Far right:* Coat by La Flaque de Paris, of Acrilan, Verel, and Biconstituent (Glenoit fabric); about $145. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. Accessories, see next to last page this issue.







Fake fur in the black—the dinner suit, the coat that swings

Do you remember when we bought fake fur because it was cheaper than real? It still is. But—big BUT: look at the black fake seal, *far left*—ardent with real Spanish lamb, and the sleeves so narrow and the waist beautifully shaped and the skirt just swinging—when have you ever seen fake fur cut so well? with such a feeling of splendor? You're going to get a lot of pleasure out of this coat, day and night. . . . And out of the black fake broadtail blazer and wrap skirts, *left*, you will get what we're all looking for now—a perfect little dinner suit, sleek and polished. You'll want a sparkling white shirt . . . maybe a hat with veiling . . . gloves definitely, and patterned black stockings.

Far left: Sportowne coat, of Orlon (Borg Textile Group fabric); about $245. At Altman's: B. Forman; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Dayton's. . . . *Left:* Calvin Klein suit, in E. F. Timme & Son fabric of Enka rayon; about $130. At Altman's; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin. Kodel-and-cotton shirt, Maxime de la Falaise for Blousecraft. Accessories, next to last page.



BRUCE DAVIDSON

SUSAN SONTAG SPEAKS UP

ON THE YOUNG, THE MOVIES, THE INSULT OF BEING CALLED "LADY"

By Leticia Kent

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Susan Sontag, "the darling—and to some, the demon—of the New York intellectual establishment," taught at Harvard and Columbia Universities and Sarah Lawrence College. Her proclaiming the "tradition of the new" made her by the end of 1964 a pop celebrity before a national audience. Although Susan Sontag has written two novels and plans to write others, filmmaking, which she considers "the most alive, the most exciting, the most important of all art forms," consumes most of her time. The first film she wrote and directed was* Duet for Cannibals. *Her newest film,* Brother Carl, *was shown at the 1971 Cannes Film Festival.*

Susan Sontag answered the door of her New York penthouse apartment wearing a terry-cloth robe and barefoot. "You're on time—I'm late," she acknowledged, in a husky morning voice. "Find the kitchen and make coffee!" Like that. Not unfriendly—independent. It was all right. We were old friends. That is, I had interviewed her once before, in Stockholm last year. Then she had kept me waiting four days. Not unfriendly—independent. It was all right. She had been busy making—writing, directing, editing—her second film. For, at thirty-eight, Susan Sontag is a writer, a lapsed philosopher, an abdicated critic, a radical intellectual, a filmmaker—and (when she finally sits down) a marvelous conversationalist.

KENT: At a recent, celebrated symposium on Women's Liberation, you objected to Norman Mailer's usage of the word "lady" as a qualifier.

SONTAG: To speak of a "lady critic," a "lady novelist," a "lady poet" is condescending. And it's dishonest to pretend, as Mailer did, that the "lady" is merely descriptive. It never is—it's always discriminatory.

KENT: For some reason, that qualifier is seldom applied to you. People tend to speak of you as "Sontag."

SONTAG: Well, no one has said "lady writer" to my face. Yet I *have* felt the effects of sexual discrimination. And I doubt that there's a woman with a public voice who hasn't. But it's true that I haven't been put down as, for example, Virginia Woolf was. She was stereotyped as a "lady novelist" because she was supposed to have dealt only with sensibility.

KENT: I had the notion that you shared Mailer's contempt for women as intellectuals.

SONTAG: Where did you get that idea? At *least* half of the intelligent people I've known have been women. I couldn't be more sympathetic to women's problems or more angry about women's condition. But the anger is so old that in the day-to-day sense I don't feel it. It seems to me the oldest story in the world.

KENT: You have a large audience among college students. As an intellectual, are you in sympathy with their disenchantment with traditional education?

SONTAG: I have to assume that they're having an experience which is totally different from mine of twenty years ago. Given that, I'm very much on their side. But I'm split between my own experience—I *loved* academic life—and what I understand from, say, reading Ivan Illich on the failures of the educational system.

KENT: Then do you think the students are wrong?

SONTAG: No, I think they're right. In every generation the young people are more likely to be right because they're in touch with the times. All I'm saying is that I can't entirely identify my experiences with theirs. I think the best use of universities is for studying the past. I'm very attached to this idea because it provided the basis of my sensibility. But I see that students today demand that their intellectual experiences feed them in what they conceive to be a more personal way. I think I *was* fed in a personal way by Plato and Aristotle, but they don't see how that's possible. They have an apocalyptic vision of life which I share simply because I live at the same time. Yet a good part of my life has already been lived. And so I know from experience that there can be a future. Just to have had some years of childhood in a world that I didn't think of as likely to be destroyed, *totally* destroyed at any second, gives me a certain protection against the kind of ultimate despair that they feel. They're dealing with the destruction of the environment, with the *end* of life. And these are the realities that they've known ever since they've been conscious.

KENT: You're working on an essay for *The New York Review of Books* on the feminist movement and on its literature. Which feminist writers interest you?

SONTAG: I think that Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex,* which was published some twenty years ago, remains the best of all the general books on the condition of women. It's the most original, the most definitive, and the most scholarly. But many of the new books are very good. I like both Shulamith Firestone's *The Dialectic of Sex* and Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch.*

KENT: You're best known for your critical essays—yet you consider yourself a "metacritic." Why?

SONTAG: For one thing, I write almost exclusively about things that I like, which would be irresponsible if I seriously thought of myself as a critic. My essays contain ideas about the direction in which criticism might go. But from my point of view, none of the ideas is carried out systematically enough. For that I would have to be a full-time critic—which I'm not. Criticism is *not* the center of my work. The center of my work is my fiction and now my films. But these [she sighs] are less popular than my essays.

KENT: What is it about filmmaking that attracts you?

SONTAG: The conviviality of working with people; the chance to use that part of my sensibility which thinks in images and in the rhythm of images, and [she hesitates] the potentiality of a large audience.

KENT: Thus far your films have had a small audience. As a practical matter, is it possible to go on making films if one doesn't have a large audience?

SONTAG (shrugs): It depends upon your determination, (Continued on page 132)



JILL KREMENTZ

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., ERICH SEGAL, ALLEN GINSBERG

ERICH SEGAL'S LAST LAST INTERVIEW —MAYBE: ON SEX, PARENTS, FAIR PLAY, FAME

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Weeks after the "Last Interview" published in Yale University's* The New Journal *and* The New York Times Magazine, *Erich Segal gave this interview, still Quixote-questing for an unprejudiced report on himself and his notorious novel/movie,* Love Story. *He was photographed,* above, *during one of the few happy times of a publicity-plagued year: between two folk-lions at a dinner given by the Signet Society, the old, admired literary organization of Harvard College. Here, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s regularly misquoted judgment was delivered, in fact, thus: "Shooting Erich Segal for writing* Love Story *or me for writing* Cat's Cradle *would be like shooting somebody for baking a chocolate éclair."*

MERCIER: Many admirers of *Love Story* are young people. What do you think they are striving for?

SEGAL: Whatever appeals to young people in *Love Story* would have appealed to young people in 1870 or 1770. I have no peculiar insight into what's going on in their minds.

MERCIER: What is there about the upper classes, the world of *Love Story*'s hero, that interests you?

SEGAL: Nothing. People take me far more seriously than I take myself. I wrote this little book . . . it was a fantasy I had one afternoon and it has very little to do with my emotional makeup over the thirty-two-year period that preceded it. I'm going to try my damnedest to make sure it has nothing to do with what ensues.

MERCIER: You talk a great deal in the book about backgrounds . . . how do you see your own?

SEGAL: Well, first of all I don't "talk a great deal about backgrounds." *Love Story* is only 131 pages; I don't talk a great deal about anything. My own background is solidly middle class . . . Brooklyn, Jewish, nice.

MERCIER: There's a strong emphasis in the book on Oliver's having money and Jenny's not having money.

SEGAL: It's all part of a stereotype of literature which I was involved with. I think these questions ascribe a greater meaning to *Love Story* than I invested in it.

MERCIER: "Older" readers found the father/son gap the focal point. What was your relationship with your parents?

SEGAL: It has nothing to do with it.

MERCIER: Did your relationship as a student with your university professors have a bearing on this?

SEGAL: No.

MERCIER: You were completely self-sufficient as a student?

SEGAL: I wasn't self-sufficient. Just shy. There's a difference.

MERCIER: Did you cry when you saw the film?

SEGAL: No, I had cried too many times in writing the script and the book. How many times can you cry?

MERCIER: Were you crying because of what the story was about or because of the work that went into it?

SEGAL: I was crying because of the story. I believed what I wrote. And a lot of that comes across to the reader. A lot of pseudointellectuals in New York, who put me down at cocktail parties, are spending psychiatric hours trying to work out with their doctors why they did cry at that book. I cried. I admit it.

MERCIER: The sense of loneliness at the end of the book is greater in the film because the hero does not reunite with his father. Were you disturbed by this difference?

SEGAL: Yeah. I was disappointed more than disturbed. I wish they could have had the father at the end.

MERCIER: When you've given interviews, did you feel that each one might be the one that would clarify things?

SEGAL: Yes. Yes. I kept thinking that they can't keep making me the monster again . . . the superpompous phony conman again . . . that surely people would get bored reading it. At this point, I'm just anxious not to be exposed at all; even if I were to be canonized by the Vatican, I wouldn't want it in the papers. Enough. . . .

MERCIER: Do you feel that some interviewers were sincere and that it was the editors who violated the intent? (Continued on page 123)

By Jeanne Y. Mercier



THE RIDDLE OF

The Clowns

BY JOHN LAHR

FEDERICO FELLINI'S EXTRAORDINARY SLAPDREAM FILM "THE CLOWNS" SEARCHES THEIR ART.

EVERYONE, EVEN FELLINI, IS A CLOWN: "REALITY IS THE ONLY OUTRAGE."

IN THE CIRCUS OF FELLINI'S CHILDHOOD, LEFT, THE DREAM FIGURES OF THE CLOWNS WERE HIS NIGHTMARES.

FRANCO PINNA—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

The clown, to use Thomas Mann's phrase, is a "cavorting hybrid, part human and part insane art." I love clowns and honor their mystery. My father was a clown and I spent five years studying Bert Lahr's comic genius for a book about the theatrical tradition he incarnated in America. But to pursue the essence of clowning seems to me twice as hard as seeking the grail. Both are holy objects, but the clown is the more mercurial. His grotesque performance profanes the world in order to define the sacred. His real life is in front of the paying customers; his real gestures are that bag of slapstick tricks that transforms him, in his parody of normality, into a dream figure. He exists on a mythic level—running, jumping, tumbling, falling, bouncing back from the severest blows. Objects and people may threaten the clown; but somehow, in the high jinks of his energy and invention, the clown survives. And survival—crude or sophisticated, pantomimed or bellowed—is what we applaud. But for all the joy and mayhem, the clown has his freedom only onstage. It vanishes with the curtain call. No writer can chart this traumatic transition between worlds; no director can block his protean stage movements; no photograph can capture the wonder, the fullness, the bravura effervescence of his talent or his love for performing. Clowning is a gorgeous riddle. Federico Fellini's *The Clowns* captures all these complications in a film as unsentimental as it is remarkable.

Using the artifice of the documentary film narrating straightforward interviews with the famous old European clowns, Fellini creates a fiction that examines both the world of the circus and the circus of the world. The first and most important success of *The Clowns* is that it becomes a historical record, preserving these fine performers and their chiseled faces, as beaten as baseball gloves, for posterity. They are here: some gentle, some sad, some rich. They show Fellini their pictures, they talk of their craft; and Fellini, whose own art and life have been so profoundly influenced by the circus, knows precisely what to show of them and how to show it. To see people whose life was movement now shriveled in the sad isolation of old age, to gaze once again on dusty tintypes or the scratched film clips of their fabulous acrobatic feats is to confront the brutal paradox of the clown's life. In the arena, the clown's performance is a resilient denial of death. In Fellini's film, the hint of immortality is brilliantly evoked. We see the straightman bury a hatchet in a clown's head; we watch blood turn into balloons; we howl at a mock funeral where the coffin is constructed only to fall apart with each nail. For the clowns, death has no dominion. Every fall has its return. But the illusion can never last. Their defiance, so often the source of their frantic energy, finally must succumb.

The clown's exaggeration is the fullest, most complicated stage performance. He is, in a real sense, total theater. The tall tales, the death-defying stunts, the surreal escapades belong to a world of artifice. Fellini's camera revels in the artificial and makes good use of it. Fellini does not give us real horses drawing the clown's hearse in a circle but men playing horses. He dramatizes the essence of make-believe. And the wonder of this film—a medium that is limited by the camera's obsessive realism—is that Fellini can make the artifice of the performance as appealing as the real. Streamers, cannons, winches, trapezes—the gallimaufry of the clowns' sleights of hand—are carefully and brilliantly observed. This is, after all, part of the wonder of clowns: they can surprise us even when we know their props. This is the real magic! If the famous Fratellinis are not alive to offer their act to the camera, Fellini can simulate it; and what we see are three outrageous angels, playing their instruments, clearly suspended in the air on wires. The joke is twice as good because nothing is hidden.

Throughout the film, the clowns talk about their "dying" art. They speak reverently, enthusiastically, nostalgically about an entertainment and a world that was more innocent and benevolent. Fellini listens to all this but, with his own puckish good spirits, chronicles the pratfalls and malaprops of his own camera crew and friends, who, while filming the documentary, are performing in life many of the clowns' stage routines. What Fellini is saying is what the clowns instinctively knew: reality is the only outrage. In a world where political figures are their own self-parody, where laughter is banished because it deflates the heroes we long to make, *The Clowns* provides a vision of the only sane destiny in our divine comedy. Laughter is both a humiliation and a hope; only by facing our failure can we go beyond it. That is what the clowns taught, and what Fellini so magnificently conveys in his tribute to them. ▼

MISTAKES SURGEONS MAKE MOST OFTEN

BY WILLIAM A. NOLEN, M.D.

We fail to put ourselves mentally in our patient's place. It's a mistake that leads to hardship for our patients.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. William A. Nolen, who wrote the best seller* The Making of a Surgeon, *a book as revealing and uncompromising as major surgery, practices at Litchfield Clinic in Litchfield, Minnesota. A Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and Chief of Surgery at the Meeker County Hospital, Dr. Nolen is also attending surgeon at Hennepin General Hospital in Minneapolis, associated with the University of Minnesota.*

Stop! Don't read any further if you think this is going to be a compendium of juicy cases in which surgeons take off the wrong breast, slip and cut into major blood vessels, or leave sponges hidden away in the abdomen. It isn't. Surgeons do make technical mistakes, but rarely.

The mistakes I, and other surgeons, make most often are those of communication. We give so much of our attention to the technical aspects of surgery—Does my patient need a hysterectomy? Should I take out the ovaries? Should I do a bladder suspension at the same time?—that we have no time left for explaining to the patient why and how we're making our decisions and what these decisions will mean to her. We treat patients as problems, not as people.

It's an easy trap to fall into. At Bellevue Hospital, where I took my surgical training in New York City, I quickly acquired the habit of referring to patients not by name but by disease. All of us did it. When interns and residents got together late in the afternoon to report to the chief resident on what progress, if any, our patients had made during the day, we'd say such things as: "The gastrectomy patient in the third bed needed a pint of blood." "The woman with the lump in her left breast is on the schedule for Friday." "We got a new patient in with huge varicose veins."

Surgeons are more apt than other doctors to fall into the trap of depersonalizing patients. Internists, general practitioners, pediatricians, and obstetricians generally see their patients repeatedly over a long period of time. They get to know something of what the woman is like outside the confines of the office or hospital; what sort of job she has, how she gets along with her husband, what her life is like. This helps him treat the patient wisely.

The surgeon, on the other hand, ordinarily sees a patient transiently. If a woman is referred to me because her family physician thinks she needs a hysterectomy, I may see her in my office and examine her on Monday, take her uterus out on Tuesday (provided I can get her a bed at the hospital), visit her there five minutes a day for the next six days, and send her home and back to her family doctor. Probably I'll never see her again.

We surgeons often fail to remember that though this may be the hundredth hysterectomy we've done, it's the first time (and last) that this particular woman has had her uterus removed. We don't stop to think that the operation, almost routine to us, is going to be frightening, traumatic, for her. We forget that being admitted to the hospital and going through all the preparations for surgery terrifies her. We fail, in brief, to put ourselves mentally in our patient's place. This is the mistake surgeons make most often. It's a serious mistake because it leads to a lack of communication and often results in unnecessary misery and hardship for our patients and their families.

Here is an example of what I mean. A few months ago I operated on a woman who had a tumor in her large intestine. The location was such that I expected I'd be able to remove the portion of the bowel where the tumor had developed and then sew the two ends of the bowel back together. When I opened the abdomen, I found that I was wrong; the tumor was lower down than I had anticipated, and after removing it I couldn't safely sew the two ends of the intestine together. I had to bring a portion of the bowel out onto the abdominal wall as a temporary colostomy, which I would close and return to the inside of the abdomen when the sutured intestine had healed—a matter of three or four weeks.

When this woman woke up after her operation and learned that she had a colostomy, she became hysterical. I had failed to discuss with her the possibility that I might have to do the operation this way and she was completely unprepared for what she found. Now I had to deal with a woman who was not only physically ill but depressed. Because I had failed to discuss with her all the possibilities inherent in the operation she was to undergo, I had done her a great disservice.

It is possible, however, for a surgeon to make the opposite mistake of telling the patient more than she needs or cares to know. For example, when I intend to do a hysterectomy, I frequently will draw a picture of the uterus to show my patient where I will cut to remove this organ. I show her how the ovaries lie in relation to the uterus and explain why I will or will not remove them. All of this information is pertinent and of interest to her.

I don't dwell on the fact that the ureters, the tubes that run from the kidney to the bladder, are very close to the uterus and that I have to be extremely careful when I operate so that I don't damage them. That knowledge is important to me, but to bring it to the attention of my patient serves no purpose. In fact, it might increase her anxiety about the operation.

Assuming that a particular surgeon is one of those who takes the time to tell his patient all she needs to know, and yet has the good judgment not to frighten her, is there any other error of communication he may commit? Unfortunately, yes.

He may forget that surgery is an art as well as a science and fail to give his patient the sympathetic attention she expects and needs.

I'm often guilty of this oversight. When I go in to see my patient the day after her operation, I always make certain that the intravenous fluids are running smoothly, that the tubes and drains are working properly, and that the dressing on the incision is clean. I don't always take the time to ask my patient, "How are you feeling? Is the pain medicine helping you? Is there anything I can do that might make you more comfortable?" These are questions I should ask routinely, but don't. I

forget that compassion can sometimes do as much to cure a patient as antibiotics.

Errors in communication between surgeon and patient are more likely to occur when the patient is a woman than when the patient is a man. Women's Liberation notwithstanding, men, and the vast majority of surgeons are men, still tend to be protective toward women. We don't like to burden them with the gory details of surgery.

I'm not defending this position; I'm simply pointing out a matter of fact. I know that I'm much more likely to explain a proposed stomach operation to a male with an ulcer than to a female with an ulcer. I don't consciously discriminate against women; it's just a bad habit.

In defense of myself and surgeons in general, let me add that it's not entirely our fault. In my experience men are about ten times more likely to ask for details of a proposed operation than are women. We conclude that women don't want to know, that they want protection from the cold facts of surgery.

This brings me, finally, to the reason for writing this article for a women's magazine rather than for a surgical publication. I could tell my confreres that they're guilty of errors in communication and that they're not giving patients the information and understanding they deserve. But why? Like me, they already know they're guilty of these oversights.

We aren't likely to change. We're not going to sit down and explain your operation. We aren't going to worry enough about your comfort. We won't devote more time to the art of surgery—unless you make us.

If you want information, you'll have to fight for it. When you or someone in your family needs an operation, don't let your surgeon run off until he takes the time to tell you all about it. Ask him what he proposes to do. Make him sketch the procedure. Have him review with you what you're to expect from the day you enter the hospital till the day you go home. You have a right to this information; he has an obligation to furnish it. ▼

ABORTION: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

BY PHILIP M. SARREL, M.D. AND LORNA J. SARREL

IT IS CRITICAL TO DISPEL THE CRAZY NOTION OF SOPHISTICATED PEOPLE THAT ABORTIONS ARE SIMPLE, EASY PROCEDURES.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Philip Sarrel, Assistant Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Yale University School of Medicine, conducts courses on human sexuality at many Eastern colleges. Together with his wife Lorna, who took her master's degree at The New York School of Social Work, he counsels on sex problems to the students of Yale University. The Sarrels also served as consultants for the newly published* The Student Guide to Sex on Campus, *an expansion of the original university pamphlet* Sex and the Yale Student.

Recently, an amazing number of experts have cropped up to counsel women mulling over an abortion as the way out of a problem pregnancy. Often the "expert" is a friend who has had an abortion or who knows "at least four friends who have had one." Her information is incomplete at best and sometimes dangerously misleading. As a gynecologist-social worker sex-counseling team, we have often discussed and arranged abortion for couples and for single women. These suggestions are based on those experiences:

THE PATIENT MUST BE CERTAIN SHE IS PREGNANT

An abortionist who recently summarized his experience over a twenty-five-year period during which he did 30,000 abortions said that 10 percent of the women who came to him were *not* pregnant. If estimates of a million abortions each year in the United States are accurate, there may be as many as 100,000 women who seek abortions who aren't even pregnant. About ten days ago a patient who had arranged for an abortion at a New York clinic called to ask if we knew anything about the clinic. She also told us she had an IUD in her uterus and that she was six days late for her period. There was a distinct chance that she was not pregnant. We told her to wait at least another week at which point (forty-two days from the beginning of her last period) a pregnancy test should be positive if she was pregnant. Three days later her menstrual flow began.

Factors other than pregnancy can delay the onset of a period: normal variation in the cycle, weight change, anxiety, illness, and travel, among others. Nothing can be gained by rushing into an abortion as soon as a period is slightly delayed. A doctor's calculation of gestation is based not on the number of weeks from conception but on the weeks since the last menstrual period. He is guided by the size of the uterus felt during pelvic examination. If he says your uterus is six-weeks size, that means he estimates conception to have occurred four weeks ago, and the six-weeks is six weeks from the last menstrual period.

SHE SHOULD SEE A PHYSICIAN IN HER COMMUNITY FIRST

Availability of legal abortion in New York has attracted women from all over the United States. It has become relatively simple to call a clinic, hospital, or referral service and arrange to have an abortion performed. But first, the patient ought to consult a physician in her community for advice. She may discover that even though her own state's law is not as liberal as New York's, abortions *are* being performed locally and legally. Many families have health insurance and in recent years many plans cover the entire expense of an abortion. If the patient's physician is unable to do the abortion himself, he can judge the stage of the pregnancy and possibly recommend the best type of procedure. We frequently find that women do not estimate the length of their pregnancies accurately. Preabortion examination by a competent gynecologist may reveal there are other problems in need of treatment before the abortion is done. Patients we've seen initially about abortions have turned up with vaginal infections, ovarian cysts, and

ABORTION: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW Continued

even problem pregnancies, such as that of the patient with a pregnancy in the Fallopian tube instead of the uterus. In her case, an abortion using routine techniques wouldn't have helped at all and another type of surgery entirely was required.

SAFE PROCEDURES CHANGE AT DIFFERENT STAGES

Most pregnancies are ended within the first twelve weeks by a method called a D&C (dilating the cervical opening to the uterus and then removing the tissue, usually by suction), but beyond twelve weeks a different procedure is required. In a pregnancy of between twelve and sixteen weeks duration, abortion is difficult and dangerous. The uterus is usually too large for a D&C and there is usually not enough amniotic fluid to remove in order to inject a saline solution, the abortion procedure used from sixteen weeks onward. Anxious to have it all over with, women urge their doctor to attempt a procedure that is not really safe. It may be an emotional strain to continue an unwanted pregnancy for the time between twelve and sixteen weeks, but it is wiser to wait and not risk medical complications.

WHAT TO EXPECT DURING AN ABORTION

The D&C operation does not involve cutting and is usually a rapid procedure of less than ten minutes with little loss of blood. Usually, patients scheduled for D&C's are admitted to the hospital the night before and discharged the day after the surgery. But a patient can be safely admitted on the day of surgery and return home after an observation period of four to eight hours. When a local anesthetic is used, a shorter observation time of two to four hours is probably adequate. In New York, the out-patient clinics are under debate and subject to changes depending on the status of the state law.

Many physicians prefer to do D&C's with the patient asleep and freed of pain. When done under local anesthesia, which means the doctor injects a Novocain-like drug in the vagina that numbs the nerves to the cervix, there may be some pain.

After leaving the clinic or the hospital, most women who have had a D&C can return to normal activity after a day's rest.

If a saline abortion is done, fluid is injected into the uterus through the abdominal wall and, usually within twelve to thirty-six hours, a type of labor ensues. When labor begins, the patient can be given medication to make her comfortable. Patients who have a saline abortion usually are able to leave the hospital one day after aborting the fetus. Some tissue may be left behind and a short D&C may be performed after the saline. In about 25 percent of cases the saline may have to be reinjected, as it doesn't work all the time.

A POST-ABORTION CHECKUP IS IMPORTANT

Too frequently women who are aborted feel that the crisis is behind them and there is no reason to see their doctor again. With some of the major problems incurred by abortion such as hemorrhage, infections, and perforation of the uterus, there is no choice but to see the doctor again. Under normal conditions, a woman might get away without a postoperative checkup, but this would be a mistake. During the last four months we have seen two women who were still pregnant after having D&C's. In one case, the doctor who did the abortion must have missed the tissue. In the second case, the patient had a more unusual problem—part of the pregnancy tissue remained in a small chamber adjacent to the main cavity of the uterus. That patient needed watching as further surgery might have been necessary. In all of these cases, if the patients had not returned to a physician they would eventually have developed some critical problem requiring emergency care. Our routine is to remain in telephone contact with patients until the two-week post-abortion visit. At that visit we can discuss the impact of the abortion as well as plans for contraception. Such medical problems as infection, bleeding, or depression usually show themselves by that time if they are going to occur. The pelvic examination also includes a cancer smear. The patient is examined, as well, to determine whether it's safe to resume sexual intercourse.

ABORTION DOES NOT TAKE THE PLACE OF CONTRACEPTION

There is great danger that abortion will begin to replace contraception. Already women may be less careful about contraception because abortion is available. Other women say, "Why take a chance with your life by taking the pill when abortion is so safe and simple?" Such attitudes are enough to drive a gynecologist to distraction. Abortion *isn't* so safe. The death rate, even in the best of circumstances, is about 25 times the death rate of the pill. Perforation of the uterus occurs much more often than has been imagined. Hemorrhage and infection, as we've already mentioned, weigh as problems. Physicians are only now, through a study being done by the Population Council, documenting the actual rates of abortion complications that may help dispel the crazy notion that abortions are simple procedures.

It may be like closing the barn door after the horse has been stolen, but a woman who expects to continue sexual relations should think about developing a contraceptive plan to follow her abortion. An IUD can be inserted at the time of a D&C or immediately after a saline abortion. If a sterilization procedure is desired, it, too, can be combined with the abortion, although this requires a longer hospital stay. Women who wish to start birth-control pills can count the day of the abortion as the first day of their period and start the pill five days later, or pills may be started at the time of the two-week checkup. The latter is a routine that many gynecologists prefer. If sterilization of the man by means of a vasectomy is the plan, it, too, can be done to coincide with the abortion. The several weeks of waiting for the vasectomy to be completely effective jibe with the several weeks of sexual abstinence advisable following an abortion.

ABORTIONS CAN AFFECT EMOTIONS

The emotional aftereffects of abortion are as varied as the women having abortions. Most women who undergo a therapeutic abortion have an immediate response of relief. Others, due to a drop in hormone levels about forty-eight hours after the operation, suffer depression—feelings of sadness, crying, and fatigue. Although these are disturbing symptoms, they are short-lived and not serious. They are not very different from what are known as baby-blues or from the kind of emotional problems many women experience near the end of the menstrual cycle, when there is a shutoff of hormone production.

Weeks and months following abortion, couples are often surprised by their lack of apparent reaction. For many, the events seem dim, almost unreal. Sometimes this apparent adjustment and lack of conflict is only a surface reaction, blotting out dreams of loss or of babies being stolen, dreams implying a depth of emotional reaction not consciously felt. Such dreams are common following abortion and are really not surprising considering the emotional significance of the event, even when the procedure is legal and benign. Such dreams represent a normal working out of feelings. Occasionally a woman or man becomes disturbed to a degree that requires professional help. Consolingly, almost all long-term follow-up studies of abortion conclude that most people integrate the experience.

PREVENTING SUBSEQUENT ABORTIONS

Increasing numbers of women come for repeat abortions within a short time after an initial abortion. Medically speaking, there is a point at which repeat abortion becomes quite dangerous and most of the New York clinics will refuse a patient who has had two or three previous D&C abortions.

Contraceptive failure accounts for a number of aborted pregnancies. In other cases, the pregnancy may be an important psychosocial phenomenon representing a need to become pregnant. The fact of abortion only indicates that the need for pregnancy doesn't correlate with a need to have the baby. When abortion is the decision, the woman alone or the couple together should understand what led to the pregnancy in order to resolve these pressures some better way in the future.

FIRST STEP TO AN ABORTION

The patient ought to find a physician in the community who may be able to do the abortion or to refer her to an abortion counseling service. Throughout the United States, there are Planned Parenthood Clinics that usually provide information about abortion. *The Student Guide to Sex on Campus* lists the Clergy Counseling Services for problem pregnancy as well as many other abortion services throughout the country. For information about abortion facilities in New York, call the Family Planning Information Service, a nonprofit group run by Planned Parenthood (Tel. [212] 677-3040). ▼

Once-a-month birth-control pill: hope from prostaglandins

BY DAVID MOREAU

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prostaglandins, hormone-like substances common in human and animal tissues, are believed to stimulate or inhibit the action of many hormones. Potential medical uses include induction of labor; therapeutic abortion; contraception; and the treatment of dsymenorrhea, male sterility, peptic ulcers, thrombosis, hypertension, asthma, and headaches. David Moreau is general manager of a British pharmaceutical firm and founder of one of the first companies to produce oral contraceptives. A Fellow of both the Zoological Society and the Chemical Society in Britain, David Moreau predicts that prostaglandins "will be to the '70's what steriod hormones were to the '60's."*

Prostaglandins are not a new discovery—Drs. R. Kurzrok and C. Lieb reported on the effect of these strange compounds on muscle from the human uterus as early as 1930; but, like penicillin before them, prostaglandins remained laboratory curiosities for many years. In fact, because of the complexity of their chemistry, it was technically not really possible to isolate and identify them until Sune Bergström in Sweden began his brilliant work in 1956. The reason why they have suddenly come into such remarkable public prominence is because of their use in the attention-getting field of fertility control.

In fact, certain of the prostaglandins look like realizing the centuries-old dream of women —that they will be able to have safe, predictable, prompt, and repeatable do-it-yourself home abortions.

Fourteen prostaglandins have so far been identified in the family, classified into subgroups A, B, E, and F. Only a few have so far been properly investigated clinically. It has been known for a long time that they occur naturally in the body, and indeed the richest known natural source of these substances is the semen of the human male. Professor Soltin Karim, one of the principal figures in prostaglandin research, first got the idea of inducing labor and procuring abortions with them because he heard that natives in Liberia used to give large oral doses of human semen to bring on birth in pregnant women who were overdue.

There are two increasingly powerful pressures stimulating research into safe means of procuring abortion nowadays. One is the specter of the population explosion; and the other, the understandable feeling among an increasing number of women in civilized countries that their genital organs are their own property, not that of the State; and therefore, they alone should be allowed to decide whether or not to bear any children that they may accidentally conceive. These pressures have stirred gynecologists and others in several countries to apply prostaglandins by injection, orally, intravaginally, and by instillation into the uterus in order to make it expel the products of conception at every stage of pregnancy, from the first few days to the full nine months.

Among the latest work has been a trial by Professor Karim on 20 women in Uganda. He gave them prostaglandin E_2 as 20 milligram tablets or prostaglandin F_2A as 50 milligram tablets into the vagina, 2 tablets being given to each patient at 2 hourly intervals. Nineteen out of the 20 women—all of whom had missed periods for between 2 and 7 days—menstruated in a matter of hours. Professor Karim and his collaborator Dr. Marcus Filshie gave these two prostaglandins in his original work by intravenous infusion; but although it was highly effective in abortion and labor, no woman would readily submit to having an indwelling infusion needle in her arm if she could have a tablet instead. Professor Karim has, in fact, tried giving prostaglandins as oral tablets. Although the taste was as bitter as quinine, his article in *The British Medical Journal* of January 30, 1971, reported that 79 out of 80 women pregnant for between 35 and 44 weeks went into labor within hours after receiving ½ milligram tablets of prostaglandin E_2.

Dr. Mostyn Embrey of Oxford also reported in *The British Medical Journal* of March 13, 1971, that he had successfully made 14 out of 15 women abort by giving them prostaglandins by direct instillation into the pregnant womb. An antibiotic was mixed with it to make sure that no infection was caused in this sensitive and delicate area. It should not take long to acquire further impressive evidence that prostaglandins work, but it may well be years before the products can be launched through the medical profession, and even longer before they can be made available as the ultimate weapon in population control—do-it-yourself abortion kits for the bathroom cupboard. This is because, although prostaglandins occur naturally in the body, we have got to be sure that they do not have any deleterious effect on any fetus that survives attempts to dislodge it and goes on to be born normally. Positive proof that no abnormality results obviously requires years, partly because prostaglandins are so effective in this indication that it will take some time to collect a statistically significant number of such survivors.

Because of the dominant use in fertility control, the public tends to overlook that prostaglandins are a normally occurring messenger of great importance throughout the body. And therefore, if sufficiently selective means of giving them can be found, it will almost certainly be possible to normalize many disease conditions of which one of the root causes is prostaglandin imbalance or deficiency. Such diseases, it has been hypothesized, include gastric ulcer, asthma, a variety of allergic diseases, and, possibly, psoriasis. As an example of how natural prostaglandin systems can be invoked to medical advantage, Dr. D. Chaudhuri suggested in *The Lancet* of March 6, 1971, that the most likely mechanism by which the intrauterine device [IUD] prevents conception is that its slight local irritation causes the spontaneous production in the muscle of the womb of certain prostaglandins, and these hurry the fertilized ovum through the Fallopian tubes, and on so fast that they have no opportunity to implant in the normal fashion. It is, in fact, known from the work of Professor T. R. Vane that the stretching and pulling of many different body tissues in animals and humans will cause prostaglandins to be synthesized locally, and it seems quite likely that Dr. Chaudhuri is right about the IUD. The reason why prostaglandins are produced in this way is probably that this is part of the inflammatory response of tissue, which is the first step in the repairing of any damage that it has received.

One of the most interesting aspects of the story of the prostaglandins is the convulsions that their development is bound to cause in religious and governmental circles. Dr. Alejandro Zaffaroni has spoken of their use as a "menses inducer." He foresees women throughout the world applying a suitable dose of prostaglandin on the twenty-eighth day of their cycle by a convenient external method at home. A few hours later they will begin to menstruate, regardless of whether they were pregnant or not. It could be said by those who are still concerned with the morality of abolishing the earliest manifestations of human life that this represents a micro-abortion, and one can therefore anticipate some harsh criticism, particularly from men who do not suffer from what Sir Dugald Baird so aptly called "the tyranny of excessive fertility." But if menses induction once a month with these new discoveries can become a reality, it looks as if the indignity of mechanical contraceptives and the hazards of hormone ones can at last be replaced by something more in tune with the last decades of the twentieth century. ▼

White cuffs and collars

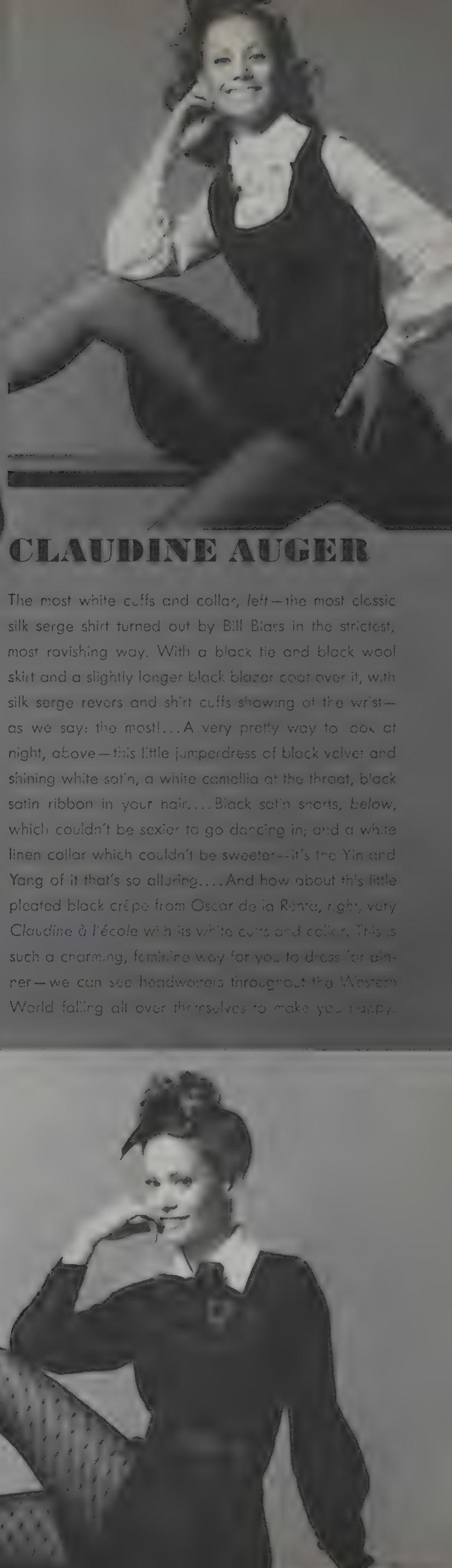


We love this thing of white near the face, white at the wrists. It's fresh, it's appealing—and it makes everyone look so alive and well. And with the very simple, classic clothes you're going to be living in this fall, this is just the touch of flash you need.... Starting, for lack, with a clean white cotton shirt and tie that you can put on like a light under a little shrunken-up short-sleeve black cashmere pull, with a black-and-white houndstooth blazer and plus-fours.... And, *left:* the basic black pullover you've worn a million ways. But look at it with starchy white cuffs folded back. With a perfect ratcatcher. It has a whole new feeling. A whole new life—day, late day. Delicious. (The delicious-looking girl who wears it all on these four pages is Claudine Auger, the young French actress now filming Françoise Sagan's *A Few Hours of Sunlight.*)

Far left. White-on-white striped shirt (about $14) and tie (about $7) from The Custom Shop. Wool blazer, about $100; matching plus-fours, about $38. Both by blassport, of Stevens Hockanum fabric. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's. Ballantyne sweater.... *Left:* White cotton cuffs and ratcatcher by Maxine de la Falaise for Glentex. Ribbed wool sweater: Korrigan for Jax, $40.... Another healthy-looking way to glow: Irma Shorell's Youth/25 Moisturizing Creme (more on this, Ready Beauty). Accessories, next to last page.

White cuffs and collars





CLAUDINE AUGER

The most white cuffs and collar, *left*—the most classic silk serge shirt turned out by Bill Blass in the strictest, most ravishing way. With a black tie and black wool skirt and a slightly longer black blazer coat over it, with silk serge revers and shirt cuffs showing at the wrist—as we say: the most!... A very pretty way to look at night, above—this little jumperdress of black velvet and shining white satin, a white camellia at the throat, black satin ribbon in your hair.... Black satin shorts, *below*, which couldn't be sexier to go dancing in; and a white linen collar which couldn't be sweeter—it's the Yin and Yang of it that's so alluring.... And how about this little pleated black crêpe from Oscar de la Renta, *right*, very *Claudine à l'école* with its white cuffs and collar. This is such a charming, feminine way for you to dress for dinner—we can see headwaiters throughout the Western World falling all over themselves to make you happy.



Left: Silk serge shirt and tie; black wool blazer coat and skirt. All, Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Swanson's. ... *Above:* Jumperdress of Crompton rayon velvet. By Pat Sandler, about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's. ... *Below:* Shorts and shirt in satin-backed crêpe of rayon and silk. By Gustave Tassell, about $410. Evelyn Byrnes; Rich's; I. Magnin. *Right:* Silk crêpe dress, about $355. Bergdorf Goodman; Na Duskin; O'Neil's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Claudine's coiffures by Alan Lewis. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

Suède for everyone—every day, every way

We would love you really to see these clothes—the pure, classic simplicity of them and the luxuriousness of the suède. Until you've owned a shirtdress this way, you have not owned a shirtdress—or a skivvy or a tunic or a pair of jeans—this is everyday dressing at its most, and how a lot of us are going to want to dress all the time. . . . This wine suède doublet-y tunic of Anne Klein's at right, for instance: how much time this is going to give you—over kilts, pants, leotards; over your turtlenecks. To say nothing of how romantic it is right here, belted over a shining white shirt and black leather leggings. . . . As for her chamois shirt-tunic, opposite—have you ever seen anything more sublime!—just small, fluid, chic. It is worth making sacrifices for.

Right: Tunic and belt, about $120. Satin-backed crêpe shirt, about $50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; O'Neil's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's. *Opposite:* Tunic, about $130. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; The Denver; I. Magnin. . . . With the matteness of suède, a little shine is fine . . . such as the soft shimmer of color that Max Factor's new Pure Magic Super Glosses provide, hypoallergenically, for eyes and lips.





Suède—in an everyone,
everyday,
everything way



In the small picture,* farthest left, *is all the ease and dash you can find in denims. Except: now you find it in denim-blue antelope suède, which is lightness itself, and cut so supplely and lean—where jeans take you, this takes you. Only further. . . . And here is a shirtdress you have never owned before,* far left—*a perfectly simple classic beige shirtdress that could be cloth but is so much more interesting for being suède—the thinnest of the thin, as in a beautiful glove. . . . About the apricot chamois skivvy and button-front skirt,* left: *this is so perfect, so pure—so much the way we really like to look in our clothes. If you were to buy one suède thing, this could be it; you will feel you've found a friend—but a new one.

Farthest left: Jacket, about $115; pants, about $90. Leda Spain by Gropper. Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. . . . *Far left:* Shirtdress by Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or; about $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Lou Lattimore. . . . *Left:* Skivvy, about $50; skirt, about $94. By blassport. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Denver. . . . Wigs, these four pages, arranged by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

The A GENTLE
new FLEXIBLE
soft FLAKE OF
lens PLASTIC
THAT CAN GIVE YOU A
NEW EYEFUL OF BEAUTY



BERRY BERENSON

CONTACT LENSES FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T WEAR CONTACT LENSES

The eye you design with a blue line

For an eye of strong conviction, the prettiest, wittiest eye arrived at in the easiest, breeziest way, follow the directions of Pablo, Elizabeth Arden's master makeup man, who started out with this premise: "I wanted to expand the eye. . . . First, with the blue pencil, I drew a fast, free line—almost like a sports car or the tail of a falling star. Over the eye it matches the curve of the thinned, elongated brow line. Sort of an inverted check, it defines the space, makes eyes appear larger, more sparkly." . . . Dazzled up for evening, here, above blue line a blend of Silver Brilliance shadow and Snow Drift highlight drift up into brow. . . . Below blue line, taupe eye shadow for sultry smoulder—which also smokes charmingly for day. (Makeup by Elizabeth Arden.)

PENN

For the short-sighted girl who lived through everything from pixie to owl-eyed glasses and still wondered whether the alternately broody and bright man at that party was just "terribly nervous" or "really meant it as a pass." . . . Well, for that girl, who then floundered blind and beaming without her shades for some other man, and for all those who've flunked at wearing conventional hard contact lenses, there is new hope. . . . You can see it in hand at the top of this page. These new lenses—so malleable, so gel-like they almost "swim" in your grasp and generally prove a breeze to wear—are, of course, still in various stages of testing and development. But in [redacted] the last few months we have discovered a dozen or more women we know who wear them with a free and easy comfort that lights up their faces even more than their new eye make-up, veiled hats, and the carefree coifs they've suddenly discovered are For Them Too, and not just for the 20/20 lookers. . . . "I wouldn't *dream* of going out in the street with my glasses on now," declared our first explorer of soft lens lib. A three-time loser with hard contacts, she abandoned them after a long struggle and scarcely a moment's comfort. Like most women who can't see across a crowded room or even a table for two, she also suffers from a lively and persistent curiosity. Can't bear to miss a thing; so back to big "amusing" [redacted] glasses. And There They Were, until a friend introduced her to a New York ophthalmologist authorized to fit soft lenses in what is now a reasonably advanced phase of their testing. After the usual thorough examination, the doctor went to a tray of small white boxes, each containing a lens and labeled by the optics term identifying it. Selecting two, he slipped them into our subject's eyes. . . . "I scarcely felt it; then my eyes watered a bit, but after five minutes one eye was perfect and I *felt* nothing—no misery, no panic." The doctor substituted another lens in the not-so-good eye, and almost immediately it felt right. Next: stand up and check for dizziness. Then: go out and walk around for ten minutes, checking for dizziness caused, probably, by the increased peripheral vision contacts bring into eyes used to spectacles. The wind was high and cold. Our girl's heart was high and warm. . . . Back in the examining room, she was required to face up seriously to the moment of decision. Did she or did she not want to play for keeps, take on the responsibility of learning to insert and remove the lenses, learning to follow the strict sterilization program for keeping them absolutely clean? . . . YES YES YES. And snip snap went the doctor's scissors as he trimmed the nails of thumb and forefinger on both hands right down to the fleshy part so that she could safely work with the lenses herself, and the lesson began. "Insertion is tricky," we've been told, "as the lens is almost the consistency of a gel and extremely slippery. You place it on the tip of your index finger, look up, hold the lower lid down with the middle finger, and place the lens on the lower white of the eye. Take away index finger and slowly let go of [redacted] the lid. Close your eyes, and very lightly massage the lid to help center the lens . . . this is easy, but you must remember that soft lenses have to be pressed into place—the hard ones don't." . . . All set now, except for learning how to take them out. Roll the eye towards the nose —all the way—and at the same time "stroke" the lens with the forefinger, pinch together with thumb, and pluck it (Continued)

AT FIRST THEIR UTTER COMFORT PRODUCED A WEIRD SENSATION . . . "

(Continued) out at the opposite side of the eye. . . . Having mastered this, many patients leave the doctor seeing a whole new world without glasses. AND WITHOUT SUFFERING. Some people wear soft lenses seven hours at the first clip, but that is something you should discuss with your doctor. Abide with his advice. . . . Is it always this simple? Is anything? Obviously—in spite of the ultimate joy of wearing soft lenses—some people require a little more adjustment than others. One said: "When the lenses were first inserted, I felt an awful stinging, and I could barely open my eyes. But in about ten minutes they *did* feel terrific! Their utter comfort produced a very weird sensation—almost like ordering and *receiving* a pair of brand-new 20/20 perfect eyes." . . . During the early days there may be a sensation of eye fatigue, you may even see rainbows around lights in a room. The solution is probably to take the lenses out and give your eyes a short rest (say, an hour or two); but it's never a bad idea to give your doctor a ring and check. . . . People who've worn hard contact lenses successfully for some time adore the softies but may take longer to adjust to them. . . . Nobody actually recommends swimming with them in, but skiers and scuba people find them great under well-fitted goggles. . . . Although various labs are working on these new contact lenses, two versions are—literally, figuratively, [redacted] and predominantly—in the public eye. Bausch & Lomb has obtained FDA clearance to market its Soflens for general medical prescription and is conducting meetings with ophthalmologists and other professionals to instruct them in fitting procedures; our last word was that they had covered key cities in the Northwest and are expected to work across the country by the end of this year. Griffin Laboratories has applied for FDA clearance that would authorize the use of their Naturalens for treating certain eye diseases as well as sight correction; as we go to press their testing program is sufficiently advanced so that about 2,000 people are wearing the Naturalens purely for sight correction. Neither Soflens nor Naturalens can, at this point, deal with more than a low to moderate degree of astigmatism, but "your average American female, basically insecure" with glasses and unhappy without them, can not only get rid of a few hang-ups, she can see around her and will—we think—save a lot of time batting her lashes at practically invisible men who turn out dreary and concentrate her orb-power on more promising types. . . . Between Soflens and Naturalens, there are certain technical differences best discussed with your doctor or left to his discretion. Bausch & Lomb's Soflens is made of polymacon; Griffin's Naturalens, of Bionite. Both substances are hydrophilic—that means water-loving—plastics, and both kinds of lens must be kept moist, moist, moist at all times. Both must be handled only by the cleanest hands, scrubbed [redacted] and free of cream or even the least trace of scent or lotion. Both must be kept absolutely sterile, and doctors are urged not to prescribe them for patients who can't be trusted to stick to the rules. . . . With the Bausch & Lomb Soflens you get a Care Kit: carrying case for lenses; Aseptor (which is an electric sterilizing gadget that looks rather like a very modern baby-bottle warmer); salt tablets and a squeeze-bottle in which you will mix up a daily supply of fresh saline solution; plus a very good booklet of instructions. On your own hook, you buy distilled water for this at your local drug or grocery store. Now then: let's say your first session with the doctor went just like an Oscar-winning movie ("Why . . . Miss Aardvark . . . you've taken off your glasses and . . . you're Beautiful"). You wear them for the suggested time, pick up some distilled water, and go gorgeously home with your Care Kit. After a suitable interval for trying yourself out in mirrors here, mirrors there, it's time to go to bed. Clear a spot on your night table, and set up your Aseptor (it's roughly five or six inches in diameter). Pour one ounce distilled water into squeezy-bottle; add one salt tablet, and shake. Never never use table salt to make saline solution; among other wrongs it may be iodized, which is bad. Take out your lenses and clean them. Like this: Wet lens with saline solution; place in palm of clean hand and rub very gently with index finger of other hand. Fill the carrying case with saline solution; place [redacted] lenses on the caps provided for them, and close case tightly. (Be sure to rinse out bottle every day with distilled water.) Put one fourth of a cup of distilled water in the Aseptor filling it about half way. Plug Aseptor's cord into a 110-V A.C. outlet. Put the carrying case (lenses within) into the handy clamp on the cover of the Aseptor, and put in place as you would the top of a kettle. Press go-button and a tiny red light will flash on. In fifteen minutes when the light goes out—automatically by the way—the lenses are sterile and ready to go back to work, but you, by then, will be happily asleep dreaming of the big wide wonderful world you're on the brink of. In the morning, slip into your Soflens. . . . The drill for Griffin's Naturalens is different, but the same basic rules apply: hands clean, lenses always wet, sterility essential. For the first two weeks, to eliminate hazards if you slip up on being Madame Clean, you may use antibiotic eye drops prescribed by your doctor—one in each eye every morning and again at night; keep drops refrigerated. With Naturalens, you're given a small blue-capped plastic cup, a bottle of Lensrins and one of Flexsol (both up for FDA approval). At night when you take your lenses out, you put them in the small carrying cases: one for the left lens, marked L, and one for the right marked R. Fill each with Flexsol, and store overnight. In the morning, splash some Lensrins (a saline solution) into the little cup; plop in lenses. Ignore for ten minutes; then pop them into your eyes. (Some people think giving the lenses a really long drink at this point will add to the wearing time, but most say they "feel nothing" even after a full day and a good evening.) . . . Do not use eyedrops or solutions, cosmetic or other, unless they are specifically made for soft lenses. . . . Always always remember that soft lenses love to (Continued on page 132)

Good life hair—and a new natural kind of hair care

[redacted]

Fresh, fragrant, breezy hair, crackling with life and lights . . . that's the hair we mean, and there's a great new way to get it now. Six new ways, actually, that all work hand-in-hand with nature to offer a great possibility: the return of that glorious texture that hair was always meant to have. These six new hair-helpers make up a group called Naturally Extracted Organic Treatments for Healthy Looking Hair—a lengthy title that says it all—made by Azurée, part of Estée Lauder. This group of treatments represents some of the savviest advances in natural hair-benefits known, as of this moment; includes shampoo, two kinds of rinses, setting lotion, conditioner, and holding spray. Each, with the fresh scents of natural ingredients—spicy, herby things like rosemary, sandalwood, camomile, carrot oil for vitamin A, natural protein for strength—that nourish the hair, encourage growth and gloss. (Important, too: what's *not* here—any harsh hair-damagers have been locked out of the lab.) Reward of all this good care: a shining tumble of hair like that of Jennifer O'Neill (*opposite*)—a busy young beauty who's clicked in two careers already (fashion modeling, TV commercials), now starts another with her first starring role in the coming movie *Glass Houses*, a social-comment-type story that leaves no stone unthrown. The lively little shirt here, of black knitted cotton with white collar and cuffs. By Maxime de la Falaise, for Blousecraft. Coiffure by François of Kenneth.

JENNIFER O'NEILL

BERT STERN





THE BALLET GIRLS



Look at the spectacular legs—the lithe, gazelle-slim limbs . . . New York City Ballet girls are athletes. But no bulging muscles here—just superb good bodies. Here, what they eat, how they live, how they maintain their looks. . . .

"I take twenty to forty pills a day—vitamin E, an all-purpose vitamin, iron supplement, potassium and iodine"—Melissa Hayden. Violette Verdy has a "catechism of vitamins I take in the morning—vitamin C, a little bit of iron, vitamin E with wheat oil, a little B12—but not too much because, how can I say it, I must be careful—it makes me feel very sexy . . . again vitamin C with my afternoon tea." "For breakfast? Just coffee and vitamin pills" —Karen O'Sullivan. It's the same story with all the fifty-two girls in the company, vitamins are a daily staple. The girls could also be walking advertisements for the quick energy-upping effects of Hoffman protein pills, honey, and Diet Pepsi. Sometimes, at rehearsal breaks or just before a performance, it looks as if every other dancer is sipping from a can of Pepsi-Cola. "We're addicted," says Delia Peters cheerfully. The amphetamine-laced "pep" pill—or shot—does not exist for this company.

Dancers have to watch their weight like hawks—one pound can make the difference between soaring off the ground or not. For the most part, they eat simply, usually one fairly substantial meal, mid- or late-afternoon, of steak, fish, or chicken, and salad. There are exceptions. Kay Mazzo, a tiny-boned size five with the deliciousness of a pretty pussycat says: "I can't eat much in the morning, but I always try to have a piece of chocolate cake along with my orange juice." And a glass of wine with her dinner, too. Melissa Hayden loves to have avocado on toast for breakfast . . . and "if I'm feeling fatigued I mix up in my blender some pineapple, cranberry juice, Hoffman's protein, two tablespoons of honey, one raw egg, maybe a banana or an apple. That lasts me for hours."

Dancers take care of their muscles and bodies as if their lives depended on them, which in fact, they do. "Her body is a tool. It is not her own. It belongs to us, to a 'profession,' " says George Balanchine, the genius choreographer, chooser of dancers, and absolute ruler of the New York City Ballet. To keep their muscles toned up dancers religiously take class, do their exercises at the barre, and rehearse everyday. They have a massage once a week. Most of the company, from the principals to the beginning members of the corps, go to Maurice Petit at the Dorchester Hotel. Says Violette Verdy: "He's a physical therapist too. He knows *every* muscle, every tendon of the leg and what to do for it—he's the best."

For ballet dancers the only exercises or sports possible are yoga and swimming. (Allegra Kent is one of the swimming enthusiasts.) Other sports are taboo as they turn the muscles *in* rather than *out* —the direction in which ballet dancers' muscles have been trained since the first day and the first position.

Muscles have to be kept warm and limber—which explains the picturesque and charming stuff they wear for practice —woolen leg warmers rumpled around the calves and ankles, or extra tights or leggings. Violette Verdy pulls on, over her leotard, baby pink angora knit snuggies. ("These are really hot pants!") Melissa Hayden and several of the girls prefer the baggy, khaki-color sweat pants of plastic that balloon from waist to ankle (very definitely hot pants). One of the more endearing sights from the wings, seconds before the great golden curtain goes up on *Swan Lake,* is Melissa Hayden doing a last-minute rehearsal in complete costume —and her khaki balloon pants as well. Moments later, there she is—a magnificent Swan Queen, muscles completely in control, giving an incomparable performance.

Interestingly, most of the girls do not take any particular care of their feet. They need all the calluses and the toughening up they have developed. In one of the corps de ballet dressing rooms at Lincoln Center, the girls use, as a whirlpool bath,

Left: Colleen Neary with her spectacular long limbs and, opposite, some of the delicious New York City Ballet dancers.

MARTHA SWOPE

THE BALLET GIRLS

"Ballet is the most marvelous way to walk on your ego. You have trained the body. So you *take* it with you. And up with the spirit!!"



"They are the best. Because I choose them." Mr. Balanchine, the great director, choreographer and guiding spirit of the New York City Ballet, points out the sexy limbs of one of his soloists, Carol Sumner.

the washing machine Mr. Balanchine gave them for Christmas. "It's great," says one, "you just sit on the edge and put your feet in—it would be good for housewives, don't you think?"

For dancers there's no way to win the battle against aching muscles. It's part of the business. "We have a saying that if a dancer wakes up feeling *great all over*, something must be wrong." Still—with all the punishment their muscles take, and the power they project—a staggering number of the New York City Ballet girls manage to have positively silky smooth, unmuscle-y looking, dazzling legs. "It's Mr. Balanchine," explains one beauty. "He likes his women to look feminine. And it's all in his training, starting at the barre. You can get all those horrible looking muscles working the wrong way at the barre."

Which brings us to George Balanchine. There is no question that he is the absolute arbiter of almost everything in a New York City Ballet dancer's life from how she trains, moves, and looks onstage to how she lives offstage as well. A Balanchine dancer is a Balanchine creation. Mr. Balanchine himself does not exactly dispute this. With a slight smile, he says, "Why do the girls look so well? Because they are the best. *I* choose them. . . . No, seriously, not everyone agrees with me, of course. They like their dancers to be umphh—all bulging muscle. . . . But me—no. Their skin should be pale—you know, the color when you first peel an apple. The head must be small. The neck is very important—slender, long like a race horse. They must have a long extension of leg, arm—and they must be slender—like a model. . . . Look,"—he puts a strong hand on Karin von Aroldingen's shoulder. "Look, she is a big girl, big bones. Five feet, eight inches . . . an average woman would weigh 141? She weighs—she must —no more than 118."

With only a few exceptions, the entire company comes out of the Balanchine-run American Ballet School. And Mr. Balanchine does the choosing. "You know, you watch them come along from ten years old or so. You see one. You think 'Yes she will come along.' And you start to work on her then . . ."

One can't help but feel a touch of sympathy for the man who marries a Balanchine girl. "We live by strict rules," says Mr. Balanchine. "You cannot do what *you* want to do. Husbands. They say they want to come first. But they cannot. These girls' muscles belong to us. And the world. Not to themselves . . ."

It is very apparent that all of Balanchine's girls revere and adore him and look for his approval for their appearance as well as their pliés. "Now Mr. Balanchine likes us to look natural onstage. So we do a makeup that, of course, is heavy, but doesn't look heavy or old-fashioned and diva dramatic," says Patricia McBride. Everyone—corps members, soloists, or, like Patricia McBride, principals—works out her own makeup formulas and applies it herself. "Once, when we were in Germany," she says, "I was so surprised to discover that someone does your makeup and your hair. We've always each done our own. Mr. Balanchine believes that, as a ballerina, you have a little freedom to look your best." For performances most of the girls use a lot of Revlon's everyday commercial products—shadows, pencils, blushers, powders, shaders, eyelashes, etc. Every dancer wears at least one set of important big false eyelashes. In addition most of the dancers use other bits and pieces they pick up at the dime store. And regular stage makeup—Max Factor bases and foundation, dramatic unusual colors of eye shadow, that they buy at The Make-up Center on West 55th Street.

The girls do not wear any particular heavy body makeup for performances—except for a little allover powdering of a natural color. Only the *Swan Queen* powders herself completely white. It's one of those special, mystique things that go with the honor of dancing that role.

Everyone wears perfume on stage. Kay Mazzo's is currently Je Reviens; Patricia McBride loves Réplique. During a performance, as the girls sail in or whip out of the wings, the air is as heady with different perfumes as the most glorious summer flower garden.

Everybody washes, sets, and takes care of her own hair. No member of this company has time to go to a hairdresser, —their days are filled with practice, rehearsal, and performance. They wear their hair very simply and straight, because that is the way Mr. Balanchine likes it. Kay Mazzo used to wear hers pulled straight back and in a tight little bun on top. "But Mr. Balanchine thought if I put it in a French twist, it would look softer, so I do that now."

About eyes. Among the girls with vision problems who would wear glasses in any other profession, there is a split opinion about contact lenses. Patricia McBride wouldn't dream of wearing them even though she says she can "barely see the conductor. And I never see the audience. But it doesn't bother me. I like it that way." Violette Verdy, one of the constant lens wearers, admits that when she first got them and was dancing in a dreamy, soft, mood ballet, it disturbed her to suddenly see all the other dancers on the stage—"not as shapes but crystal clear."

Violette Verdy, one of the few principals to come to the company from the outer ballet world (France), is one of its most enchanting, frank, friendly, and slightly more dramatic personalities. All dancers, quite naturally, no matter how modest they may be, even in the New York City Ballet, where camaraderie rather than competitiveness is so obviously apparent, have a certain amount of vanity. But not Violette. She is willing to show how she makes up for a performance from plain-scrubbed start to bang-up painted finish. And watching her do this is like watching her dance—a rapid-fire, completely sure, split-second-timed performance. She uses more makeup and ends up with a somewhat more theatrical look than most of the girls. Frank about disguising with shadowing and shading her "pointed chin, pointed nose," she also shows how she widens her eyes—"I dress the eye out" —and how she widens her mouth. Violette varies her basic makeup and colors for various roles. "For *Stars and Stripes* I want to look, you know, all flags out, so I wear outrageous, big double eyelashes." For *Jewels*, she wears emerald eye shadow to match her role. And for soft romantic parts, as in *Dances at a Gathering*, she keeps her makeup to that feeling. "Another trick we have—we do our barre exercises after putting on our stage makeup. It helps to blend it all better—the sweat, you see."

About life offstage and away from the ballet theater: Most of the girls live in the vicinity of Lincoln Center—almost a necessity since (Continued on page 132)

MARTHA SWOPE



THE YOUNG GOOD GUYS

"New independents" turn law, research, and the root tactic of speaking out in public to reshaping American life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For Stephen Schlesinger, founder and editor of the fresh, sharp political monthly,* The New Democrat, *"politics have been part of my life since I was ten years old." A student at Harvard and Cambridge Universities, a graduate of the Harvard Law School in 1968, he is the grandson of a distinguished Harvard history professor and the son of the historian and critic Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

The mood of young people has changed dramatically since the politics of paroxysm of 1968. The goals of the activist youth remain constant and unchanged—to restructure society radically. But from the continental crusades for Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, which engulfed a sprawling mob of college kids in 1968, has grown, in 1970 and 1971, a significantly different generation of zealots—the independents, untied to political parties; not swept up by idol leaders; oriented to movements; their energies focused on specific legal, social, and cultural changes; operating out of law bands, reform caucuses, and foundation-subsidized centers.

This new tide has seen the creation of diverse, low-budget, alphabet-soup organizations. Their common theme is a desire by young people to place their own checks on the arbitrary powers of government and of anonymous institutions. Not all these efforts have succeeded. For every group that exists, a hundred have died out. Only those tough, hardy enterprises with sure survival instincts and a terrific sense of public relations have weathered the last two years of economic depression and social inaction.

Those who remain are a fascinating rainbow of names, principles, and people. One that has dominated the spotlight in the past year is a rather dry, academic-sounding entity called The Project on Corporate Responsibility. Behind its low-keyed name is a dynamo of activity. Its prime undertaking is one of the nerviest challenges going: a David-versus-Goliath attack on one of the largest corporations in the world, General Motors.

Philip Moore is a twenty-nine-year-old law graduate of the University of Chicago. He leads the expedition to reform GM, subtitled the Campaign To Make GM Responsible. He has worked tirelessly to convince the shareholders to support reforms that would require GM to improve auto safety, to cut pollution, to enlarge the board of directors to include three "representatives of the public," and to establish a watchdog Committee for Corporate Responsibility.

In the stockholders meeting in May, 1970, Moore lost a battle when his proxy resolutions were defeated. But the overall war has looked increasingly successful. Over last summer and winter, GM voluntarily appointed a Black member to its board of directors and set up a Public Policy Committee to study the social impact of GM corporate decisions. Just last May, Moore and his small staff of about nine offered new, more fundamental proxy resolutions requiring GM to list board nominees entered by shareholder petition on its annual proxy and allowing employees, auto dealers, and vehicle owners each to nominate a candidate for director. Though defeated, the project forced GM to allocate more monies for pollution control and to set up an urban affairs department.

Phil Moore believes that this sort of approach will change GM. He thinks that such independent organizations produce reform more dramatically than involvement in the political process. "I worked in the McCarthy campaign in 1968. Electoral politics involves a dilution of both physical energy and intellectual capacities—usually with minimum results. The real force for reform is 'political work' oriented toward institutional bodies. The idea is that people control the institutions that affect their lives. That is where the action is."

The same motivation has driven a young Washington, D.C., couple, Geoffrey and Aileen Cowan, into efforts designed to restructure government and reorient social goals. Geoffrey, another twenty-nine-year-old lawyer, is one of the founders of the Center for Law and Social Policy, a public-interest law firm supported by funding from The Ford Foundation and Rockefeller Brothers Fund. Its aim is to use litigation to make the federal agencies live up to their legal responsibilities to represent the "public interest."

Geoff Cowan, alone, is representing Friends of the Earth, an environmental group, in a lawsuit testing the theory that television stations are required, under the "Fairness Doctrine" of the Federal Communications Commission, to respond to advertisements for auto and gasoline products by also presenting information showing why these products may be harmful. His other clients range from Robert Choate, the man who is trying to set nutritional standards for breakfast food, to concerned citizens seeking to convince the Food and Drug Administration to promulgate new regulations governing scientific experimentation on human beings.

Aileen Cowan, twenty-six, a graduate of Smith College and a Peace Corps volunteer in Brazil for two years, now a Howard University law student, works part-time for Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law. She functions in probably the most exciting of the myriad of reform squads. She has done muckraking reports on enzymes. She has helped to persuade the Federal Trade Commission to rule that all advertisers must be able to substantiate any claims they make for their products—a potentially revolutionary develop- (Continued)

GEOFFREY AND AILEEN COWAN are vivid, visionary reformers, impatient "for people to make free choices as consumers and voters." Mr. Cowan is one of the founders of a public-interest law firm in Washington, D.C., the Center for Law and Social Policy. His wife, Aileen, a law student who, he says, is "so effective in her work because she is beautiful and non-threatening in her approach," assisted Ralph Nader in successfully influencing the Federal Trade Commission's recent order that all major industries spell out their advertising claims.

By Stephen Schlesinger

JILL KREMENTZ



For action—private lobbying wins over politics



(Continued) ment. She has fortified her arguments by hosting two of Ralph Nader's television reports and has written a chapter on her labors that will be published in a forthcoming book.

Both Geoffrey and Aileen Cowan have come to feel that developing movements on the outside of the electoral process is more effective than depending on political campaigns. To Aileen Cowan, "There is a tremendous freedom about doing a well-researched, honest study which need only be responsive to the facts at hand, not to the political needs of some candidate. Nader's approach is severely accurate; it doesn't compromise beliefs or make mistakes. That sort of training makes it very difficult to think about reentering the political process."

Geoffrey Cowan, who was an organizer for McCarthy in 1968, believes that straight politics are less persuasive and ultimately less effective than movements for ideas. "Political leaders have actually changed because of the movements, not vice versa. Movements spin off new concepts, stimulate fresh converts, and, in the end, force change. Even such defeated candidates as Richard Ottinger of New York, Joseph Duffey of Connecticut, and others are reentering private lobbying organizations, similar to Common Cause. Politics can only become crucial when men of unusual principle are the leaders. Until we have that situation, we must depend on movements."

This is an overriding theme in the thinking of many other young leaders today. It colors the work of another sturdy, and typically shrewd, corps, a reform clearinghouse called The Council on Economic Priorities. It has offices in New York and Washington, D.C.

PHILIP MOORE, lawyer, "very together, tough but also original and imaginative," photographed in his office, needles the General Motors Corporation into awareness of its role in matters of pollution and urban improvements.

JILL KREMENTZ



One crusading citizen can become a power

It has focused its intense energies on major private corporations—to cut open their economic innards and reveal their relationships to pollution, war profits, the plundering of poor people and the nation's land reserves.

Alice R. Tepper, Wellesley College '66, is the energetic executive director of the Council. She got into the field in a roundabout way following college. She worked on Wall Street at Burnham and Company for a year and a half and there absorbed the basics of securities analysis, brokering, and some black financing. Then after a lengthy time out in 1968 for the McCarthy campaign, Alice Tepper returned to the stock business in Boston where she did some experimentation with encounter groups. Later she was asked by friends to put together a "peace portfolio" for a synagogue listing stocks of firms outside "the military-industrial complex."

This brief taste of innovative brokering inspired in Alice Tepper the notion of doing more portfolio work, writ large. She believed that it was important to disclose to the public and to brokers the economic realities of companies so they could make their own investment decision on the basis of social judgments, not alone on profit motives. She conceived the idea of The Council on Economic Priorities. With the help of enthusiastic volunteers, she drew up proposals and raised money. In 1969-70, she and two co-directors, Joanna Underwood and Tom Asher, began four areas of research into companies—pollution, minority rights, military contracts, overseas investments.

The Council has now issued a series of controversial and fascinating reports: a book on pulp-mill pollution involving twenty-four companies across the country, called *Paper Profits;* a study of manufacturers dealing in anti-personnel weapons, called *Efficiency in Death;* and soon to be released, a *Guide to Corporations,* a rundown on forty-four large American companies and their culpability in the four areas of social concern to the Council—as well as their involvement in helping the United States in Southeast Asia.

These studies have already raised howls from the industry. But Alice Tepper is unruffled. She believes, like the others, that independent research of this sort has an electric impact on both companies and the government. "A lot of the proposals we make are soon adopted by the government—and private industry has changed its own practices as a result of such studies. I am not sure that working on similar projects in politics or government carries the same weight. For instance, such a man as Ralph Nader is more powerful as a single, crusading citizen than really any public official today, except perhaps for the President."

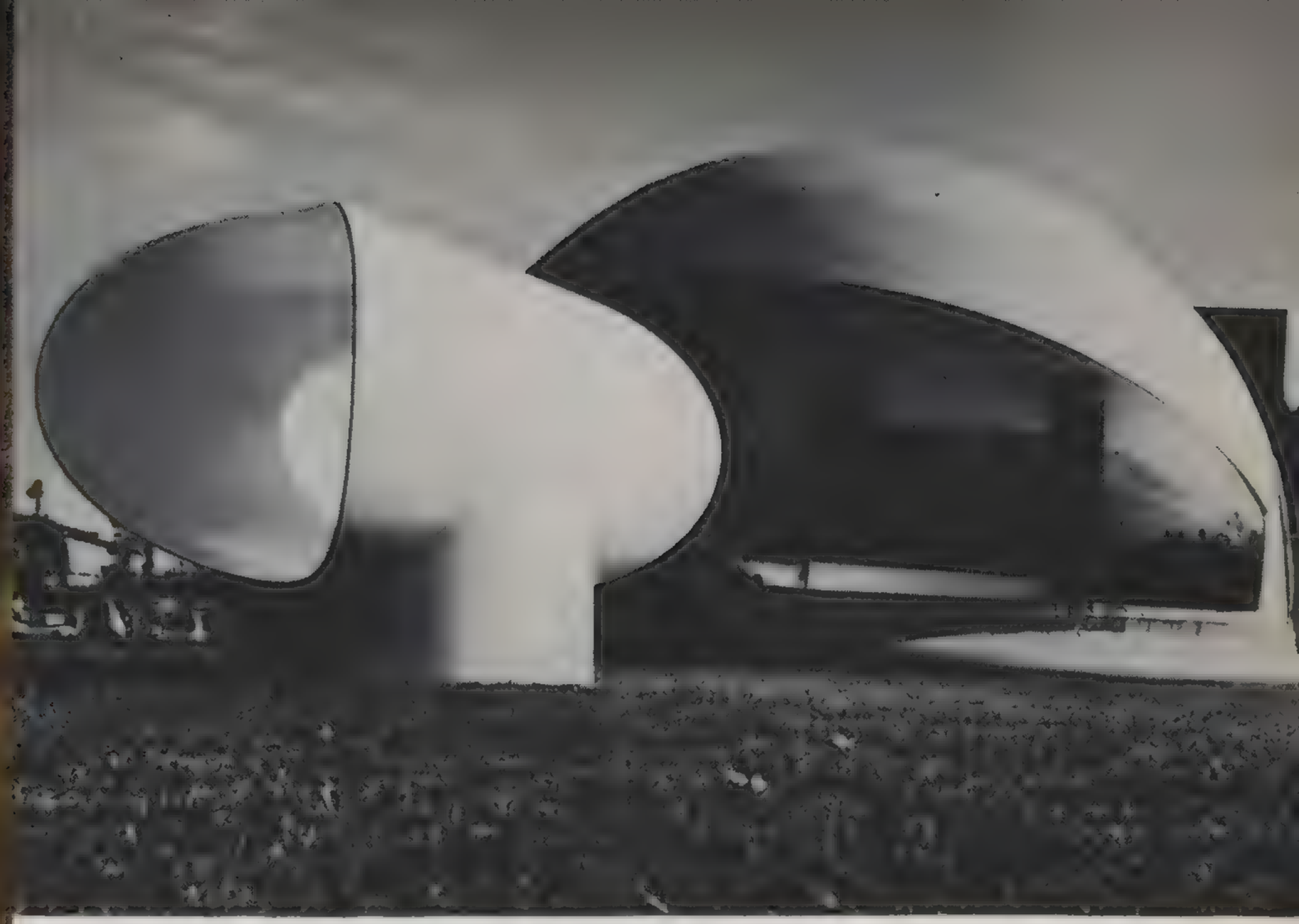
There are many other agitators, young and female, who have carried reform zeal into new arenas: Joyce Teitz, a twenty-seven-year-old graduate of Harvard Law School, full-time coordinator of The Coalition Against the SST during the past year, helped persuade the Senate to oppose the construction of the supersonic transport plane by a margin of eleven votes, an extraordinary achievement for a neophyte in political lobbying; Karen Dumont, who is the executive director of the year-and-a-half-old Environmental Action Coalition, a private, nonprofit group that executed successfully Earth Day in New York City on April 22, 1970, and did a replay this year; many youthful academics, lawyers, businessmen, and political activists who are aiding the Committee for Public Justice, a private movement of which the former Attorney General Ramsey Clark is a member of the board, to fight repression in the country. Others who participated in the 1968 Presidential battles have turned in the aftermath to these protean and autonomous molds to continue the struggle.

These, then, are some of the "new independents" who are avoiding straight politics and have evolved intellectual guerilla operations to reshape American life. They have learned an old and enduring lesson of American muckraking—that, with persistence, documentation, publicity, and a movement, it is possible to expose the ills of the society and turn them against the perpetrators. ▼

ALICE TEPPER, intense, driven, "when she's involved, she's really involved," aims, as executive director of The Council on Economic Priorities, to make public where private corporations stand on pollution, minority rights, military contracts, overseas investments. This Wellesley graduate, shown here in her New York apartment, was seasoned on Wall Street, swung into activism in 1968 in New Hampshire, during Eugene McCarthy's thrust for the Presidency.







SPACE LIB, THE YOUNG LIFE STYLE...

INFLATABLE, PORTABLE HOUSE

Space Lib people live in wide open spaces, even in the heart of big cities. It's their triumph over space-deprived housing. A liberation of the human spirit as well as the body, Space Lib takes courage and imagination to achieve. Some find the answer in country living—relating to nature, caring for ecology. Others, in the city, restore such large abandoned buildings as warehouses, saving derelict areas and irreplaceable architecture. On these four pages are two Space Lib successes. Here, a country nomad's shell; on the following pages, a remodeled city loft. A HOUSE TO BUILD IN HALF AN HOUR: The shimmering magical environment, left and above, is a soap bubble of a house that two to four people can blow in under an hour anywhere: on a hill, by the sea, in a garden. It brings in all outdoors, which is the heart of the Space Lib message. Being portable, it moves away without leaving a trace. Made of nylon-reinforced fire-resistant polyvinyl chloride. Pneudome is 25 feet in diameter, provides 500 square feet of space under an air-supported dome. Its sides are clear, the top opaque white, blue, or yellow, with matching floor. It has two doors, windows as specified by the buyer. Here is how it works: Lift the plastic floor disc from the carrying box. Spread it across the flat area which the dome will cover. Carry the box to the center of the disc and lift out the deflated dome. Spread it out on all sides until its edges line up with the edges of the floor. Fill the ballast tube around the dome perimeter with water, using a hose. Its 450 gallons will hold the dome securely, even against winds. Attach the electric blower and, in eight minutes, the house will be up, its pressure switch keeping it inflated. If there is no electricity at hand, a portable Honda generator, or other make, is used. . . . Pneudome is the brainchild of a young California team of artists, engineers, designers, and architects who call themselves Chrysalis. Designers of the Pepsi Cola Pavilion for Osaka's Expo 70, they pool their talents to create unique products, services, and remarkable new Environments such as this.

PNEUDOME, about $1,500 to order, Chrysalis, 5629 West Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90016. Furnishing it here are the designs of James and Penny Hull, made of strong, light fiberboard in a choice of colors. *Above:* A crawl-in love seat, $200; Pneudome in background. *Left:* Chair with vinyl-covered tubular upholstery, $81. Matching sofa, $200. Cylinder space dividers, to order. All, H.U.D.D.L.E. Environments, 10918 Kinross, Westwood, Los Angeles, California 90024. The floor sculpture is by Masaim Teraoka. Chrysalis's inflatable child's playpen in white glove vinyl, $45. At Child's Play Unlimited, 500 No. Wilcox, Los Angeles, California 90024.

DOUGLAS DUNCAN

SPACE-LIB, THE LOFT WORLD OF LOWELL NESBITT

Webster's definition of a loft, as one of the upper floors of a warehouse which has not been partitioned, fits the Space Lib dream for city living. It implies a vast, light area to be shaped to individual whim, structurally strong and, ideally, not expensive. On these pages: painter Lowell Nesbitt's world, a New York loft that looks like a country house. For the story of how it all works and a floor plan, turn to page 8. *Shown right:* The "country-room" end of the loft with arched windows, panoramic city-scape beyond. An opalescent fiberglass sculpture by Mike Bakaty hangs above the white painted circle on the floor. Drawing and painting are by Nesbitt. *Above:* The white Cape Kennedy Room is a hexagonal library, with Nesbitt drawings relating to the space program. A Mies van der Rohe chaise with alpaca fur throw, Victorian and French chairs, Nesbitt needlework pillows furnish the room. *Below:* The night room, a large all-black hexagonal living room, faces away from the window walls. On a fine Oriental rug, two Breuer chairs, a white cube with Ch'ien Lung porcelain and, opposite, a large creamy white sofa. The paintings are the Nesbitt Homage to Jack Mitchell series.

DUDLEY GRAY



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



JACK ROBINSON



IT WORKS

That's why everyone's taken it up everywhere—the look of uniforms. Just like blue jeans, they're functional, practical, good-looking.... New York: uniform looks everywhere on pretty girls. **1.** Joyce Ingalls in the olive-drab yardbird hat, $3.50; the olive field jacket, $20. **2.** Joyce in an olive British Army rain poncho, $8. **3.** Pegi Hughes in olive denim British battle jacket, $5. **4.** Berry Berenson in her camouflage look. **5.** Naneen Shaw pedals off in hot-pink halter and shorts from the Kenneth Boutique, 19 East 54th St. And her musette bag, $5. . . . All uniform looks (except Berry's—she shopped in Paris) come from Kiffe at Hudson's, 105 Third Ave., and Odyssey Boutique buses on Cape Cod and in St. Tropez.







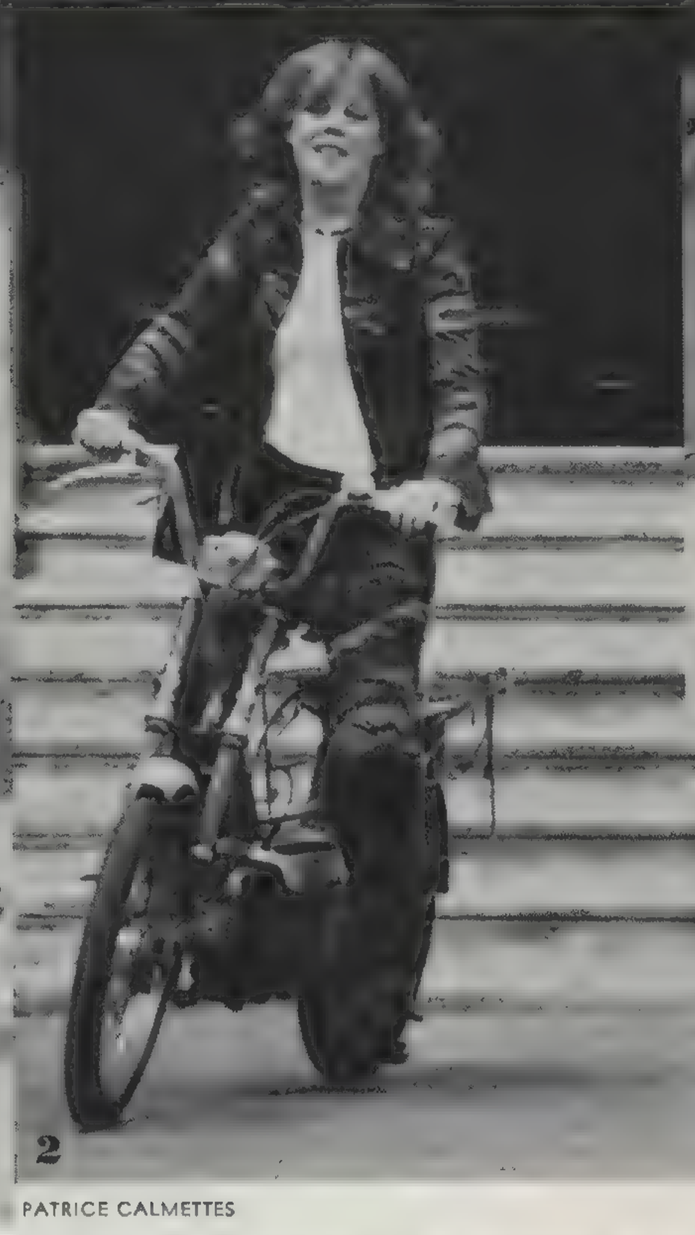
More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

PARIS

Parisian versions of the functional uniform look: **1.** Emmanuelle Khanh's green quilted blouson and pants, red beret. Here, at Gavroche, 827 Madison Ave.; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles. **2.** Emma Soames zooms around in camouflage pants jacket, $43. Mayfair, 128 rue de la Pompe, Paris. **3.** Yves Saint Laurent's quilted poplin olive hunting jacket, brown cord knickers. Here, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques.


1

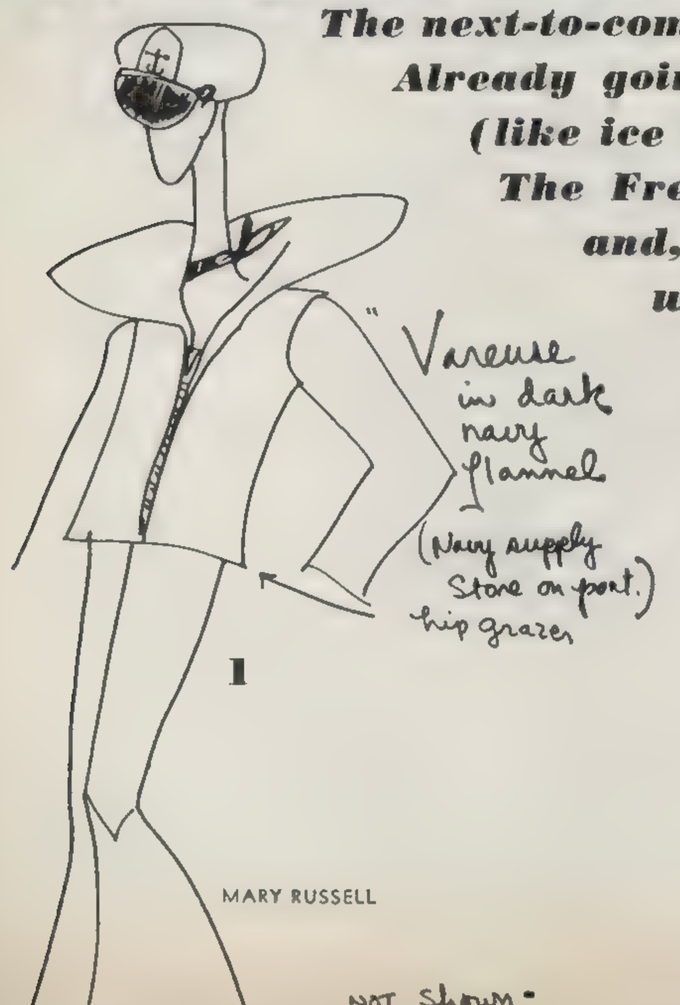

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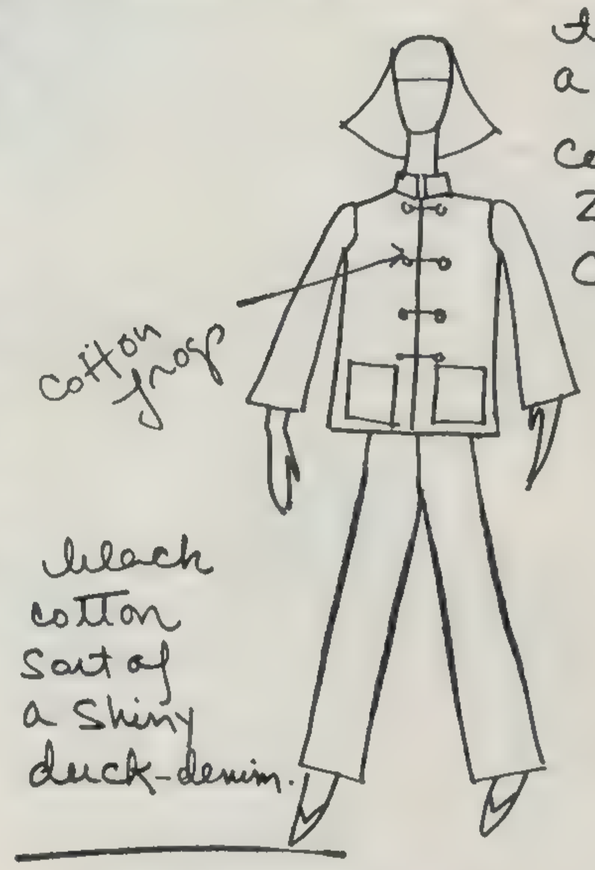
PATRICE CALMETTES

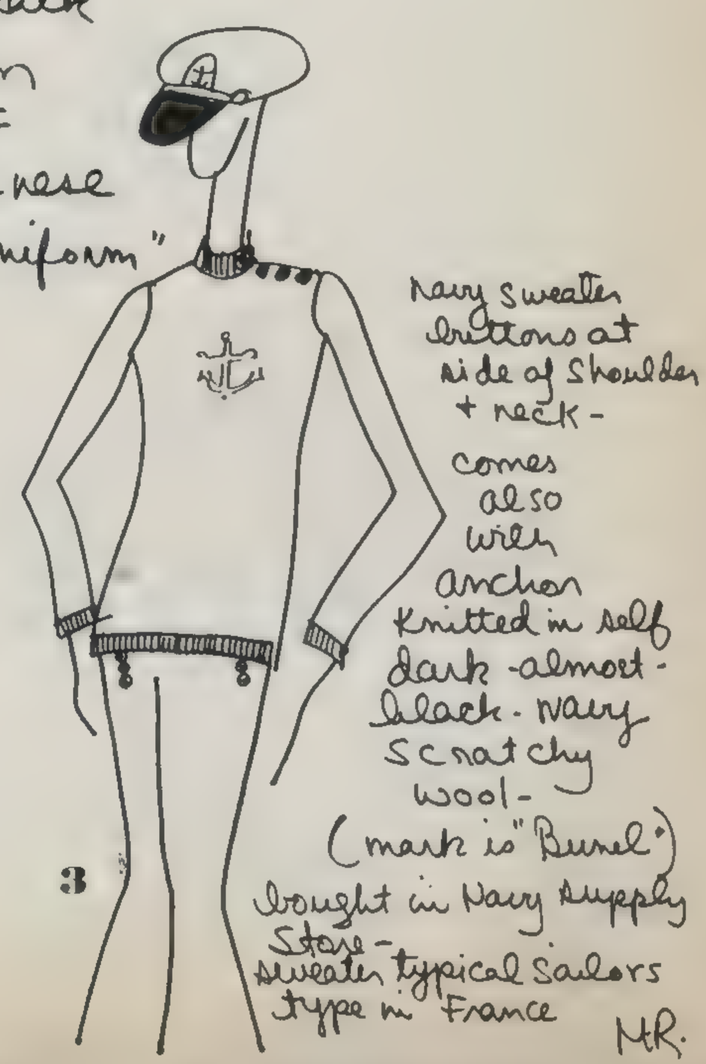
WATCH FOR

The next-to-come uniform looks. Already going in St. Tropez (like ice in August): 1, 3. The French sailor look, and, 2, the copy of the workaday uniform of millions of Chinese, selling for $18 in St. Tropez. . . .



1





3

MARY RUSSELL

NOT Shown -

ERICH SEGAL

(Continued from page 89)

SEGAL: For one national magazine, the tape was made by one reporter and then taken out of his hands and given to another to be written up. I had been excessively candid with the first reporter, knowing he was a decent chap who would treat me fairly. I used to believe in fair play; I don't anymore. I'm not a cynic. I'm just a lot more careful. I'll still make mistakes. I'm born to make mistakes. . . . I hope I don't make the same one over and over.

It's a paradox that the worst hatchet jobs were done by people who pretended to be my friends or who were acquaintances with whom I would be off my guard a little. I can't figure out why the more friendly they were with me the more they desired to destroy me.

MERCIER: What about the "gossip" aspect?

SEGAL: It's gross, but it's great. Look, I understand the journalistic bent. Every reporter is looking for an angle. Unfortunately I haven't got any really flagrant vices that would make juicy copy; and, believe me, people have looked. A quasi-friend of mine, after explaining he had great affection and admiration for me and was going to do a fair article, said: "You know I did play up this element of sexual chauvinism." Of course, they oversimplified it. I've seen it again, and again: words to the effect that I never had a date 'til *Love Story* was published. . . . Never had a date! . . . couldn't *get* a date. And then, with *Love Story*, lots of luscious women seduced me and isn't that terrific.

Both those statements are oversimplifications. That's what people want to read about. It certainly didn't disturb the relationships between me and any good friends. If that's what people want to write about, great. But, they're going to have to write about it in the third person from now on, because I'm not going to speak. I did do an interview for a student publication at Yale called *The New Journal*. I felt that was something I wanted to do. I care vastly about my relationship with my students. It was certainly altered in the past few months of the spring term. Lecturing was a torture. For *The New Journal*, I explained myself to my students in a way that I never could on the platform. It is only they that I care to have truly understand me. *[Editor's Note: Erich Segal subsequently explained himself to readers of* The New York Times Magazine, *when his interview for* The New Journal *with a Yale junior, Paul Goldberger, was reprinted. In that dialogue, he suggested that it might be his last interview.]* So, a last interview? Heaven knows. If I finish the Boston Marathon next year, I'll have interviews like the ones I had this year. That was the only fun I had this year. The only unambiguous thing I did. I ran the Boston Marathon. I don't want to be a recluse out of real desire to avoid the world. I like being gregarious, but there's nothing I can say or do that cannot be used to lash me over the head. I have no choice but to say nothing. Nothing. Nothing. The true nothing, the true silence, the true no-phone-at-all starts July 1.

MERCIER: No one knows where you're going?

SEGAL: About four people know, and I assume they'll be discreet. My agents don't, and I'm not telling them, for their own good.

MERCIER: Do you know how long you will be gone?

SEGAL: As far as the public is concerned, maybe forever. As far as the classroom is concerned, 'til I feel my soul is restored enough to go back to teaching.

MERCIER: Will you write more books like *Roman Laughter: The Comedy of Plautus*?

SEGAL: Sure. All kinds of learned stuff. That's what I've been involved with. Remember *Roman Laughter* took six years, and *Love Story* took six weeks. I want to keep all my options open. One thing I'm doing is something very few people can do—be genuinely free. I may choose to do something completely other than what I've done before.

MERCIER: Other than teach and study the classics?

SEGAL: Yeah. Maybe be a track coach. Or spend the rest of my life in the library reading.

MERCIER: *Love Story* has given you the freedom?

SEGAL: Yup.

MERCIER: Did you think of that when the success started?

SEGAL: No. No. I thought in terms of a long writing career. I don't say distinguished, but there's a vast public that certainly wanted to read what I wrote.

MERCIER: Did you think when you wrote *Love Story* that the timing was right for its public?

SEGAL: No. After I wrote *Love Story* in 1969, it was rejected at every single studio in Hollywood, including Paramount. If I was writing for a market, I did a bad job; because I, who could get lots of assignments as a screenwriter in Hollywood, adapting other people's unsuccessful novels, could not get my original screenplay sold.

MERCIER: And it was your agent, Lois Wallace, who suggested you write a book and let it be adapted later?

SEGAL: Right. If we are clearing the record here, it was not adapted. The script was there and I wrote the book. When Ali MacGraw, my friend, who wanted to play Jenny from the first time she read the script and nobody would buy it, refused to play in any movies, saying "until you make *Love Story* I'm not going to play any part," they laughed at her. After a year and a half of Ali's saying "No," they said well, this girl is not totally crazy, and grudgingly bought *Love Story*. The only person who was a hundred percent enthusiastic was Bob Evans, head of Paramount. One of the things that brought those two together was the fact that they were the only two people who believed that *Love Story* could make it at all.

MERCIER: You mentioned that you had dated a girl like Jenny in the book at one time.

SEGAL: Very like. A hundred percent like. A thousand percent like.

MERCIER: What is your definition of love?

SEGAL: I have none.

MERCIER: What sort of fantasies do you have?

SEGAL: My wish-fulfillment dreams all involve winning Olympic medals.

MERCIER: Can you tell me about a good moment? Maybe a time when something funny happened. You seem like a highly intense and serious person.

SEGAL: I'm highly intense and serious when I sleep even. If I could point to a single moment, I would not desecrate it by sharing it with others. I'm not going to divulge a private and beautiful moment just to prove I'm a human being.

If you want a silly moment—I went out with this French literary critic lady, and I corresponded with her for a long time because we met professionally; and it was difficult for me to ex-

(Continued on page 124)

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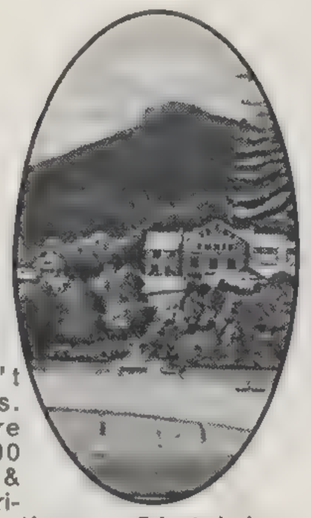
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ERICH SEGAL

(Continued from page 123)

press what I wanted to express to her, because I didn't want to abuse our professional relationship. I could not understand whether it was just friendship or there could be something more. I wrote to her in English; she wrote to me in French. I'll never forget the morning that I got a letter from her that dispelled all ambiguity, because instead of speaking to me as *"vous"* she spoke to me as *"tu,"* which meant that we were pals, and I went jumping around the streets of New Haven screaming *"tu"* and *"toi"* . . . and people didn't understand what the hell I was talking about . . . but I knew what I was talking about.

MERCIER: Françoise Wagener announced in the press in France that you would be married.

SEGAL: It's not true.

MERCIER: You will never marry?

SEGAL: Look, getting married is often used to help solve identity crises. It only compounds them.

This is certainly not the moment for me to relate in an eternal way towards someone or enter a liaison when I'm at odds with myself. Perhaps at another time, in another place, it would have worked out. My estrangement . . . if you will . . . from Françoise was parallel to my estrangement with almost the whole human race, a result of many things that have happened to me of late, mostly bad.

Only good thing that happened in this calendar year was the fact that I, at the last minute, really did decide to run in the Boston Marathon.

MERCIER: Have you always been involved in the Marathon?

SEGAL: Yeah. I ran it for the sixteenth time this year.

MERCIER: In grade school or high school?

SEGAL: Not in grade school. I was frail and weak. There were never any athletics that I could do well. When I discovered running through rehabilitation from an accident I had at the age of sixteen, I found to my amazement that I was not really frail and weak: I was frail and strong in a special way, with the ability to run fast and long. I can still run the Boston Marathon, which is twenty-six miles. I've run at least forty other marathons and God knows how many ten-mile races.

MERCIER: You run ten miles every day?

SEGAL: Yup.

MERCIER: Do you get recognized?

SEGAL: Yeah, but I don't stop: it's my escape. I like to run because I can think. It liberates me. I set my watch. I don't look at it. I go off and run in the woods; and when I feel like coming back, I come back and look to see how long I've run and write it down in a book.

MERCIER: Were you happy at Midwood High School?

SEGAL: Yeah. Great kids, great teachers, good education. I think I was happiest at Midwood High School. God, I worked so hard. I would get up at five-thirty in the morning and commute to Brooklyn from Manhattan (because my family had moved). I had a seven-thirty Latin class. My mother got up and made breakfast for me, to her greater glory.

MERCIER: Did you start running at that time?

SEGAL: Yeah. My senior year at Midwood. I ran a little at Midwood and a lot at Harvard. Remember, I was slightly young as an undergraduate, especially physically. . . . You have no idea how much stronger I got from the cross-country training at Harvard.

One of the greatest teachers I ever had in life was Bill McCurdy, the Harvard track coach. He really, in the classical sense of the word, built men . . . educated men I should say: he was an educator. I am proud of what Harvard cross-country made of me.

MERCIER: What did your parents want you to be?

SEGAL: Happy.

MERCIER: As your father was a rabbi, did religion play a strong part in your growing up? Are you like him?

SEGAL: Well, in the sense that he was an incredibly gifted guy . . . gifted in the painting he did as a hobby, the sculpture. He was a Ph.D. with various degrees in the strangest of disciplines from physics to Middle-Eastern language. We're not temperamentally alike. I've inherited a lot of his capacity, not all: he had perfect pitch, I don't. He worked his way through all of his graduate studies as a musician with Meyer Davis's orchestra in Philadelphia.

He was a "pro." The notions in the press that my father was something out of *Fiddler on the Roof* and my mother was something out of *Portnoy's Complaint* of course have no basis in fact. My mother has enough sense to know that this is all part of the general attitude of "get-Segal," and it doesn't bother her half as much as it bothers me that they should drag her into it. Alleged quotations from her done in Yiddish dialect do an injustice to the fact that she is no mean person with an articulate repartee. *The New York Times* indulged in speculating on my childhood without basis in fact. It was my father, a man of the world, very educated, who insisted that I learn Hebrew. He did not indoctrinate me with religion, he indoctrinated me with Hebrew culture. It was he who urged me to take Latin and Greek and that the most important thing was to be an educated man and not blindly devout. A lot of my family spent a lot of time last year saying, "Isn't it sad that your father didn't live to see all your success." I feel in a sense relieved that he didn't live to see his son made such a distortion of, as he would have taken it even harder than I have.

MERCIER: The press may have jumped to the conclusion that you were trying to compete with your father?

SEGAL: First of all, they've never asked for the information that I've just offered gratuitously to you. Reporters look for the quotes that will substantiate what they have written already: get an arrogant quote, get a pretentious literary quote. Now, what the hell, I'm a professor of literature. I'm bound to mention a great author in any given hour of time. I'm bound to allude to some classic of literature whether it's Pindar or Homer or Virgil. That's all a reporter needs to say, "He compared himself to Pindar," or Homer or Virgil. That's over.

MERCIER: Is there anyone with whom you identify?

SEGAL: Well, Charles Aznavour. Not merely because we are physically alike, we are temperamentally alike.

MERCIER: Temperamentally: what is that?

SEGAL: Ah, Aznavour . . . *engagé,* passionate, with, by the way, in private a great sense of humor that doesn't always come out in his songs: a guy who must write songs and must sing because that's his life and he doesn't do it for the success thing but because he must. I could only

(Continued on page 130)

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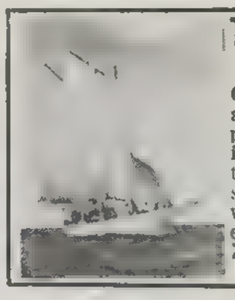
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Taking a cooler in Tahiti

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

For Tahitian girls, the cooler, including flowers in their hair, is a quick dip into the nearest lagoon, sea, or cascade. Under their draped *pareus,* Tahitian girls wear bikinis; and they carry a fresh folded *pareu,* like a clean handkerchief, wherever they go.

At the new Golf Atimaono, Tahitian women golf in bikinis. Before they tee off, men and women cool off under an open-air shower. During the game, when they come to a pond or stream, they hand over their clubs to their caddies, plunge in, swim to the opposite shore and meet up with the caddies. When they are thirsty, they pick a grapefruit from a tree.

The extraordinarily beautiful Golf Atimaono spreads from the sea to the slopes of mountains perpetually peaked in misty clouds. Like a flower garden in bloom, the course with tall pines, lakes, rivers, and ponds has in the middle a small field of sugar cane, a memory of the sugar plantation it once was. Thriving on the fertile black soil of former cane fields, the golf greens, not yet a year old, preserve the smell of cane, peculiarly sweet. Flowering hedges, mainly yellow, separate the fairways. Golfers shelter—from sun as well as cloudbursts—in grapefruit groves. The longhouse under a peaked roof with sides open to the breeze is the clubhouse with bar and changing rooms. In the evening, golfers stop to pick *tiare* flowers, Tahiti's delicious, head-reeling gardenias; the next day the same plant blooms again. Golf Atimaono on the southern coast of Tahiti at Mataiea is about twenty-five miles from Papeete.

In tamed tropical gardens along the sea, six miles east of the golf club, is the Gauguin Museum. The collection, a superb arrangement of over eight-hundred documents and eighty artifacts, gives a chronological picture of the artist's life—early years, amateur period, the big breakaway in 1883, the Brittany span, and the South Sea career. Linked to the museum by a path under palms is an excellent restaurant run by a reformed British beachcomber called Roger with a French pronunciation. The know-hows order: rum punch; raw fish marinated in lime; fresh-water shrimp, small and delicious; chilled Traminer (white wine travels well to the South Pacific); and island fruits—papayas, mangos, pineapples, bananas—or coconut ice cream. *Note:* Because Tahiti lies below the equator, shadows seem to Northerners to go the wrong way.

Vaima, a waterfront café with a bamboo façade and sidewalk tables under umbrellas, is the favorite hangout for islanders and visitors. On weekend nights, Tahitians, charging through the town on Honda motorbikes with huge windshields, hang ravishing crowns made of *tiare* flowers on their handlebars. Some models of *Le Truck,* the open-air island bus, are—surprisingly—Mercedes.

The top restaurant in town, Pitate, indoors and air-conditioned, serves dinner for two—cocktails, a half bottle of Tavel, two courses, and coffee—for about $18. At eleven-thirty in the evening when waiters start mopping up, guests move next door to dance at the Pitate nightclub to a beat like a curious carryover from Paris' Rue de Lappe with ukuleles replacing accordions, paso doble replacing the Java. On Fridays and Saturdays, the late shift on wheels or boats goes to Pu'o'oro Plage, a nightclub in an enormous, barny Tahitian longhouse on a lagoon about three miles outside of town. Although Tahiti's sunniest season lasts from late March through October, the racetrack nearby opens only from *Le quatorze juillet* to September 5. Here, jockeys in gaudy-colored *pareus* ride bareback.

French military men from France's nuclear testing stations in the South Pacific for whom Tahiti is an R & R center jam up Quinn's and Lafayette's, Pacific institutions on the late, late circuit.

Monoi-Tiare, an oil that makes skin unbelievably smooth, is sold in the markets as well as in bottles at the grander shops where the price is higher because the oil has been chemically treated. This delicious reminder of the smell of Tahiti changes in cold climates from a golden liquid to a thick milk-white one, the color of *tiare* petals. ▼

ERICH SEGAL

(Continued from page 124)

tell you that he's my friend.

MERCIER: You've written songs with Aznavour?

SEGAL: Yup.

MERCIER: Which ones?

SEGAL: We've a repertoire that has not been put forward yet, because we have to figure out what the hell to do with it.

MERCIER: Can you call him in the middle of the night?

SEGAL: No. No, that has nothing to do with it. People should never go calling other people in the middle of the night, anyway. That's not what it's all about. Life and living and relationships are not predicated on living through crises, even though the crisis of going through a single day: that is a pathology. If you need someone in the middle of the night, you call a doctor; you let your friends sleep.

MERCIER: You may be in a turbulent state, but you're still Erich Segal.

SEGAL: Well, I hope so. I was getting to like that guy.

MERCIER: What was he like as you remember him?

SEGAL: He was reasonably happy, a nice guy. He had his friends, he had a good life. People don't realize that I had what I wanted before *Love Story* happened. When I wrote the film script for *Yellow Submarine,* I had the option of writing a screenplay for big money every summer, which I did. I had no financial needs. I was happy. Screenwriters don't get famous. I don't need fame. I wanted success on a private level: writing good movies, teaching good classes. I had enormous classroom success. The vibrations in the classroom were amazing. I had the options of travel and freedom and doing. It was much nicer than now.

MERCIER: You'll get it back?

SEGAL: No. I don't fool myself into thinking I'll get it all back.

MERCIER: At one point you said you were gregarious and at another point you said you were shy.

SEGAL: In a sense I am shy; but, when I say gregarious I mean, ah, lively. I don't go to cocktail parties.

MERCIER: Because they bore you?

SEGAL: No. Because I can't mix in those circumstances. I feel uncomfortable—shy.

MERCIER: Are you shy with your students?

SEGAL: Yes, I am not one of those professors who wants to be accepted as a pal. A decade or more separates me and my students, and I don't pretend to be a phony hippie or an old-youngster or a young-oldster or whatever. I am what I am, thirty-four years old and I'm a teacher. I'm not the gregarious type in life, especially not with my students.

MERCIER: People see you on television and you seem outgoing and then they read that you said you were shy.

SEGAL: They've mistaken my classroom style for a kind of arrogance when it's just a way of making material lively.

MERCIER: How would you describe you?

SEGAL: If I had done a piece on myself . . . I would say high-spirited, enthusiastic. How else could you be a Latin teacher in 1971 if you weren't enthusiastic over Latin and the classics and you couldn't impart it to your students. I'm enthusiastic about everything I do; in an age when people are supposed to be blasé, this is unpardonable. That's it. I would say a combination of enthusiasm, shyness, extreme vulnerability masked in a lot of flip gestures, verbal and physical. Period.

MERCIER: You said you would like a sandwich named for you at Reuben's Restaurant . . . for publicity or just for fun?

SEGAL: For my own fun, of course. People don't realize that publicity for its own sake is fruitless. Nobody in his right mind would want publicity for the sake of publicity, and I certainly don't, as will be made eminently plain when I disappear July 1.

MERCIER: Would you tell me what you think of this?

Think of all that has happened here, on this earth. All the blood hot and strong, for living, pleasuring, that has soaked back into it. For grieving and suffering too, of course, but still getting something out of it for all that, getting a lot out of it, because after all you don't have to continue to bear what you believe is suffering; you can always choose to stop that, put an end to that. . . .

From *Big Woods,* by William Faulkner

SEGAL: I like that option. I like knowing the option is there. ▼

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

THE VOGUE LOOK

Page 45: With the Braemar pull and Scott Barrie pants: Mr. John hat; Givenchy scarf; watch, gold chain, and matching key link by Gucci; Etienne Aigner belt; Lesco Lona bag; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Pages 46-47: With the print- and patchwork layered turnout of Missoni: earrings by Willie Woo, at Henri Bendel; pin from Carol's Attic by Carol Horn; Magazine Shop cuff; Beauty Mist tights; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 48: With the Kimberly sweater set: cuff by K.J.L.; belt by Moda Romana-Hotel St. Regis; Chadbourn tights; shoes from Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 49: With David Crystal's safari-jacket suit: hat by Mr. John; pocket scarf by Givenchy; gold necklace and horseshoe by Gucci; Elegant belt; Kayser gloves; Round-the-Clock tights; shoes by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

Page 50: With Anne Klein's bottle-green polo coat: shoulderbag by Carrano Boutique; Crescendoe-Superb gloves; over-the-knee socks by Berkshire; shoes by David Evins, at I. Miller.

Page 51: With blassport's grey flannel separates suit: flower by Flower Modes; Aris gloves; Hanes tights; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 52: With Wilroy shirtdress and sweater-vest: earrings by Flemming for Judith McCann; scarf by Givenchy; gold chain and horseshoe by Gucci; belt by Elegant; Beautiful Bryans tights; Julianelli shoes.

Page 53: With the fur-lined chopped raincoat (Bill Blass for Bond Street): scarf by Liberty of London; gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb; Polan Katz umbrella; Calderon belts; gold chain and matching key link by Gucci; shoes by Hermès of Paris.

Page 54: With Ginessa's tartan-plaid dress: hat by Christian Dior-New York; Burlington tights; Golo shoes.

Page 55: With the ultimate pants tailleur by blassport: chains by Sondra S. for Eye Plus; Grandoe gloves; Renauld sunglasses; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

THE YEAR OF THE SWEATER

Page 56: With Pringle of Scotland's button-sleeve black cashmere: pin (on hand) by Willie Woo at Bloomingdale's.

Page 57: With the black sweater-vest by blassport: earrings by Willie Woo, at Bloomingdale's; pin by Scott Barrie, at Henri Bendel.

Page 58: With Braemar's wavy-striped pullover and jogging pants: Madcaps hat; wrist strap by Ruza Creations; Latinas boots.

Page 61: With the rosebud-patterned sweater set of Halston International: earrings by Polcini; K.J.L. bracelets (arrow bracelet at Henri Bendel).

Page 62 (lower left): With the red-and-black pull and shorts of Sant' Angelo Knits for Great Times: Halston hat.

Page 62 (top right): With the animal-print pull and skirt by Linda Kaufman for Alberoy: hat by Mr. John.

Page 63: With the grey-and-white turnout of Kenrob by Dalton: over-the-knee socks by Trimfit; shoes by Laura Tosato for I. Miller.

HAPPY DAYS

Page 76: With the short-sleeved black dress and short shorts by Sandy Starkman for Knits by Don: Malyard hat, at Bloomingdale's; belt by Joanna Rubens for Gerald Wessenger; Aris gloves; Burlington tights.

Page 77: With the long-sleeved black ribbed dress by Mia Editions: Malyard hat; belt by Denise Paglina; bag by Kae Yoshida, at D. D. Dominick; Amerex tights.

Page 78: With Goldworm's checked suit and turtleneck: Gerald Wessenger Productions belt; Aris gloves; Latinas bag; tights by Vanity Fair.

Page 79: With the striped turtleneck sweaterdress of Bistrot du Tricot: bag by Kae Yoshida at D. D. Dominick; Bang Bang belt.

Page 80: With the brown-check suit by Tom Nasarre for Studio Six: tie from The Custom Shop; gloves by Kay Fuchs; Beauty Mist tights.

Page 81: With the grey Shetland pull and flannel kilt from Something! by Oscar de la Renta: Adelaar shirt; Dynasty watch; Latinas bag; knee socks by Bonnie Doon; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 81 (top left): With Gino Paoli's two-piece knit dress: bag by Latinas.

Page 82 (left): With Evan-Picone's ribby brown pull and shorts: Madcaps hat; Burlington tights.

Page 82 (right): With the navy jump of Vicky Vaughn: Madcaps hat; Roger Van S. belt; Phoenix tights; boots by Chelsea Cobbler.

Page 83: With John Meyer's battle jacket, jeans and turtleneck: mittens by Hansen Knits; Canterbury belt.

Page 84 (left). With jeans suit by White Stag: Madcaps hat; Adelaar shirt; Roger Van S. belt; Latinas boots.

Page 84 (right). With Pendleton's pepper-and-salt tweed pants suit: Madcaps hat; Adelaar shirt; Latinas boots.

Page 85: With the grey fake fur coat by La Flaque de Paris: Hansen Knits mittens.

Page 86: With Sportowne's fake fur seal coat: Malyard hat; Van Raalte gloves; belt by Joanna Rubens for Gerald Wessenger; over-the-knee boots by Charles Jourdan.

Page 87: With the fake broadtail dinner suit by Calvin Klein: Malyard hat; flower by Flower Modes; Walborg bag; Aris gloves; Burlington tights.

WHITE CUFFS AND COLLARS

Page 96: With the black-and-white blazer and plus-fours by blassport: Mr. John hat; Trifari watch.

Page 97: With Korrigan's ribbed black sweater: flower pin from Carol's Attic by Carol Horn.

Page 98 (left): With the white crêpe shirt and black suit by Bill Blass: flower pin by Carol's Attic by Carol Horn; Trimfit tights; Saint Laurent shoes.

Page 98 (upper right): With Pat Sandler's black velvet jumpdress: flower by Flower Modes; Berkshire tights.

Page 98 (lower right): With Gustave Tassell's shirt and shorts: Trimfit tights.

Page 99: With the pleated black crêpe by Oscar de la Renta: Beautiful Bryans tights.

SUÈDE FOR EVERYONE

Page 102 (lower left): With the denim-blue suède pants and jacket of Leda Spain by Gropper: Matson stock shirt; Canterbury belt.

Page 102: With Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or's beige suède shirtdress: hat by Pierre Cardin; Givenchy scarf; Gucci belt; tights by Chadbourn; Julianelli shoes.

Page 103: With blassport's apricot chamois turnout: Gucci belt; tights by Roman Stripe; David Evins shoes.

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THE BALLET GIRLS

(Continued from page 110)

most of their time is spent in the theater. Pointing to one of their dressing rooms crammed, not only with toe shoes, makeup, costumes, but also with tons of personal memorabilia, one dancer said, "We all have apartments—for some silly reason. But we *really* live here." . . . And a marriage, love affair, even a flirt, is not the easiest thing for a ballet dancer to accommodate in her life. "It's very difficult to find a person in any of the normal, serious professions who can understand. Eventually we end up seeing people in the artistic fields who keep the same silly hours we do. Or we don't go out," says Delia Peters. Says twenty-five-year-old Kay Mazzo, who had an early, quickly-over marriage, "He has to be extremely understanding—about our work . . . our hours. And that sometimes we are so tired we have to go right to bed. . . . It's hard to find these men. But there *are* some around!" Melissa Hayden is an exception, living offstage the nearest to a "normal" life. Married for seventeen-and-a-half years, she has a boy fourteen years old, a girl ten (now in the School of American Ballet), a large apartment in New York, and a seventy-acre country place. "Naturally I don't get to the country but once every six months. But my husband and the children go every weekend."

A long-time observer believes most of the girls mature romantically late—usually around twenty-five. "Before that, they feel too different from their contemporaries because of their convent-rigid life of total concentration and involvement in their work. Otherwise they'd never make it." Not that some of the girls don't kick up their heels offstage. "Frankly," says one delectably pretty girl, "I dance better if I've been out all the night before. But not *every* night. Then it shows—no matter how young you are."

For a dancer, the compensations for this rigorous life are great. "It is," says Violette Verdy, "the marvelous way to walk on your ego. You have trained the body. So you *take* it with you. And *up* with the spirit!!" ▼

SUSAN SONTAG

(Continued from page 88)

stamina, and ingenuity. Both Werner Herzog and Jean-Marie Straub, who are among the most brilliant filmmakers in the world, have managed to make films under difficult circumstances—very limited financing and virtually no commercial distribution.

KENT: What's the relationship of popular taste to art?

SONTAG: I'm not sure. Every once in awhile something very good is also very popular—as, for example, the work of Vladimir Nabokov. I'm tormented by the question of the audience. An artist who thinks about success is damned, but an artist who fails to consider his audience is irresponsible. I am less and less able to justify the position of the private artist who doesn't take responsibility for his work and who places himself completely outside all questions of community.

KENT: You have remarked on the discrepancy between your interest in politics and the apolitical nature of your work.

SONTAG: Perhaps when I said that, I understood the notion of politics too narrowly. Now I'm not so sure that what I do doesn't have politics implicit in it. It may be that every act of creation has a political dimension.

KENT: Is there a way out of your dilemma?

SONTAG: One way is to compare the artist to the scientific researcher. The artist says, "Well, I've worked by myself and I've done my best. Perhaps what I do is only interesting to other artists, to a small community of those who have the training to be involved in what I do." That's a way to justify one's isolation and one's independence. If I could accept this, then I wouldn't have to worry—but I can't. I don't have any ready answers. My conduct operates by a system of refusals. I know what I *don't* want to do: I don't want to be involved in certain kinds of publicity and I don't want to accede to persistent demands to repeat myself in my work.

KENT: Are you going to go on making films?

SONTAG: I have five films in my head. But the one I'm most likely to do next is based on Simone de Beauvoir's first novel, *L'Invitée*. And I'm going to go on writing novels and turning out as few essays as possible. [She smiles.] I feel impelled to fight the current of approval. Cocteau said, "Stick with what people reproach you for—that's you." ▼

CONTACT LENSES

(Continued from page 106)

be wet and keep them that way.... Particles of dust that blow into the soft-lensed eye are generally less troublesome than they would be with hard lenses, but it's not a bad idea to wear ordinary sunglasses on city streets or dusty prairies.... Be gentle with your softies. They have two minor idiosyncrasies. For one thing, rough or careless handling may tear them. The other is a mysterious tendency to turn inside out. Each time you take one from its case, check this by flexing the lens lightly between thumb and forefinger; if the edges turn up and point slightly inward towards each other, everything is fine. If the edges turn outward, folding back on the fingers, you must tenderly turn the lens right side out before inserting it. . . . So you *have* taken off your glasses and you *are* beautiful, or at least you needn't ask yourself whether it's glasses that nibble away your self-confidence. And there are a hundred and one beauty and fashion angles you can play that never seemed right before. You feel good all over—even with an alien lens in your eye, because it doesn't hurt. . . . What about Catch 22? The answer is that at this stage of the soft lens life, you will probably not have quite the sharp and accurate vision you would have with hard contacts or spectacles. You will have more peripheral vision—this side and that—than glasses can give you. Our friendly reporters tell us that the printed page, for instance, becomes sharper a few weeks after you've been soft-lensing around. Others say, "I don't care I don't care I don't care. I can see well enough and I feel like a new girl in town." . . . It's probably possible to have the best of two worlds because soft lenses do not have to be worn with the absolute rigid regularity—a minimum of six to eight hours every single day. You can skip a bit and find that just the smallest bit of readjusting will put you back in the swing with soft contacts. . . . Or—and this is a plan we're sneaking up on—you can take a tip from surgeons who wear them: soft contacts for just plain living and glasses in the operating room. What, we ask ourselves jauntily, would be the matter with spectacles for reading or exacting work and softies when the evening sun goes down? . . . We think it sounds good. ▼

Skin

Let it be honest.

Skin. Let it be clean (spotlessly clean). Let it be clear and fresh and pretty.
Skin. Let it glow and face the world securely, with or without makeup.
One product can give your skin this honesty. Ten-O-Six Lotion. Use it first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. And, watch what happens.

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion
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Davidow's expression of Chanel. An elegant suit carved in a black delicate textured wool and defined with black and white braiding.